

# SECRET

M A G A Z I N E

Issue N°20

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to latex, leather or lingerie?**



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Brussels

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Editor/publisher/art director: Jürgen Boedt.

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Contributors to this issue: Delvalle, Carlos Batts, Vanderos books, Coco, Editions Blanche, Gilles Berquet & Last Gasp of SF, Craig Morey, Master K, Sandra Jensen, Roman Kasperski, Alain W., Matt Wolf Rand, Max Pritt, James McEntee, Alikat, Maxi Peach, Riccardo Vezzosi & Franco Saudelli, Mr. Orlando, Martin Pelzer, Terry Wakelin, Matthias Reuss, my love Cathy, and you, our readers, of course! Thank you for your support! (if I forgot somebody, sorry about that...)

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All pictures, scripts can be returned if so asked for. We actually need contributions for our next issues. All photographers need to send prints or CD-rom with \*.tif / Jpeg / eps... files on PC compatible disks.

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# Editorial

What I wish is for my readers to be indispensable to each other. Indispensable because you are able to listen to, and understand each other without judging; capable of looking into the very depths of your souls without lying. Being the water to their flower and the blood to their heart so that you may keep burning this flame inside you that illuminates your life. Your sex-life. A blooming sexuality with mutual contentment between two adults is as indispensable for a human being as breathing.

Sexuality doesn't have a face. It is neither fixed, nor predictable because it is a unique creation. It is a volcano of focused energy into or onto one person, and what makes life so interesting. Our desires change; they evolve and live lives of their own. They grow in our imagination and are nurtured by our visions. That is why what we see, read or look at is so important.

What pleasure to communicate with your partner and express your desires or fantasies. Discuss them and maybe live them one day. Some of us are living a life in our own fantasy world, some live a nightmare, some are bored....but most of us live a wonderful life! We dare to live in harmony with our most profound, indispensable desires. Learn how to give and receive pleasure and pain, respect and tenderness, love and hate...

A balanced sex-life is as important for your body, as it is for your soul and mind. It is part of our every day life and it takes an enormous amount of time and energy to realise what we would love to do, even it takes only a couple of hours to live it. We are nourished by it, our entire life. We must be demanding and search for peace and quality. Eating, drinking, breathing quality is feeding your sex-life too. Being a human being, in balance with your partner is a privilege only few are able to achieve.

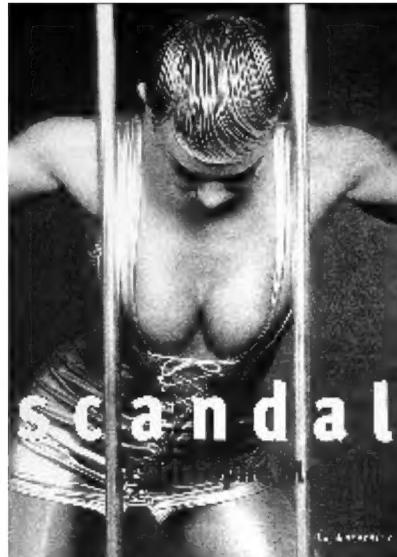
You, my readers are indispensable, because without your eyes reading this, it would be quite impossible for me to put **SECRET** together. I love you all.

Jürgen Boedt

The publisher is exempt from the record-keeping requirements and disclosure statements mandated by 18 U.S. Code § 2257 (a) through (c) and the pertinent regulations, 28 CFR CH.1, part 75 since all of such material falls within the definition of exempted material set forth in § 75.7 (a) (1-3) of the pertinent Regulations. Nonetheless, records required by such Act and pertinent Regulations with respect to this publication and all materials associated with such records are maintained by Jürgen Boedt, publisher, at the office of the Publisher; Galerie du Centre, Bloc 2, office 201, 1000 Brussels, Belgium, and is available for inspection and review by the Attorney General at all reasonable times. All models are over 21 of age. (of course...)

# News & INFO

by Jürgen Boedt



## Fetish Calendar 2002

It seems to be a real fashion to make calendars. This is the best though. Made (again) by the Marquis team it's just a drewling wetdream for everybody who loves fetish rubber. Every month you will be able to adore one of the Marquis girls. Price: 20Us\$/£10 - I hope you do know the address by now: Marquis, Flensburgerstrasse 5, 42655 Solingen, Germany. [www.Marquis.de](http://www.Marquis.de)

## **[www.Fetisheyes.com](http://www.Fetisheyes.com)**

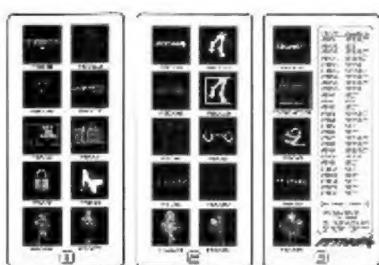
Great fetish site whi is looking for manufacturers who would be interested in lending or discounting items in return for a direct link back from the FetishEyes galleries in which they feature. I'd love to hear from them. So If anybody out there is looking for more exposure and would like to give these guys a hand, send email to: [kat.lovers@virgin.net](mailto:kat.lovers@virgin.net)

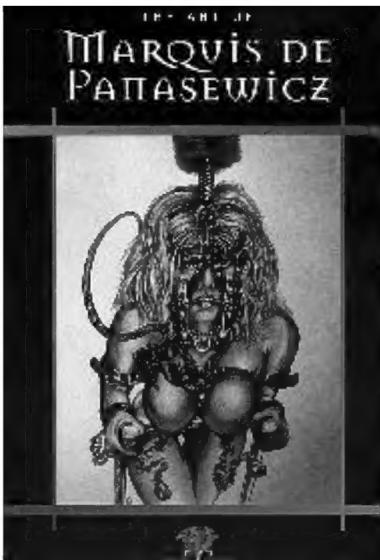
## Scandal by Christophe Mourthé

One of the most talented erotic/fetish photographers is definetly Christophe Mourthé. His last book Scandal was edited by La Musardine and captures his best work from over the last 15 years. It's a book that will surprise you in more than one sense as it will show you all the amazing aspects he has worked on. In the editorial we can read that he believes that "the women is the futur of man" and that he will continue and try to show the women he has in front of his lens as beautfull as possible. As a personal friend I can say that I have rarely metsuch a kind, warm and gentle personality. We will be showing more of this book in the next issue. For more information on SCANDAL, write to: La Musardine, 122 Rue du Chemin Vert, 75011 paris, France. ISBN 2 84271 089 4

## FETISH T - Shirts

Very original artwork, although I found atleast some that are based on the cover of Secret issue 8, Skin Two cover with high heel and some others... but nonetheless great T-shirts. Delivery in 7 days and only 8£. Get your listing from [fetishstar@piranhaprint.com](mailto:fetishstar@piranhaprint.com) or write to Fetish, 117, New Bridge Street, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE21 2SW, UK.





© China Hamilton

## The art of Marquis de Panasewicz

Our fellow editors Belrose have tracked down this artist and selected some 64 drawings in a nice book. All drawings are different, lot's with ponygirls situations, lot's of Xena like situations, but then reviewed by the Marquis the Sade himself. It's rough, it's hard, it's cool... Lot's of needles, piercings and a style typical to the master himself. Great art from Panasewicz...write to: Editions Belrose, SelectInt. Postbox 199, 1130 AD Volendam, The Netherlands. Email: info@select-int.com - www.select-int.com. Price: 18.5euro

## Breast Duel

When two of the hottest, sexiest, bustiest women in town set their sights on the same sugar daddy, they get into a tit on tit breast duel! Female combat at its best is what you can expect from this highly enjoyable illustrated novel. Available from the publishers for 14.95Us\$ (3us\$ postage and handling US only). Graffiti Prints, 4924 Balboa Blvd. PMB 485, Encino, CA, 91316, USA. [www.bitchwars.com](http://www.bitchwars.com)



"It is the misunderstanding of the Earth, the forgetting of the star on which it lives that has made for man an existence at the mercy of the merchandise he produces, the largest part of which is devoted to Death!"

Georges Bataille

**EXTREME**

are edition by Sade of  
had a lot of  
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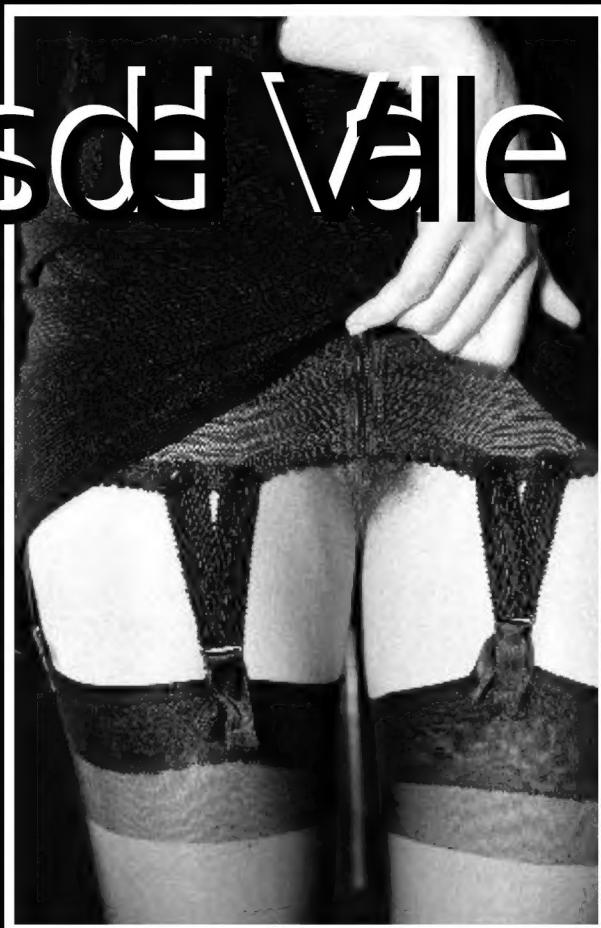
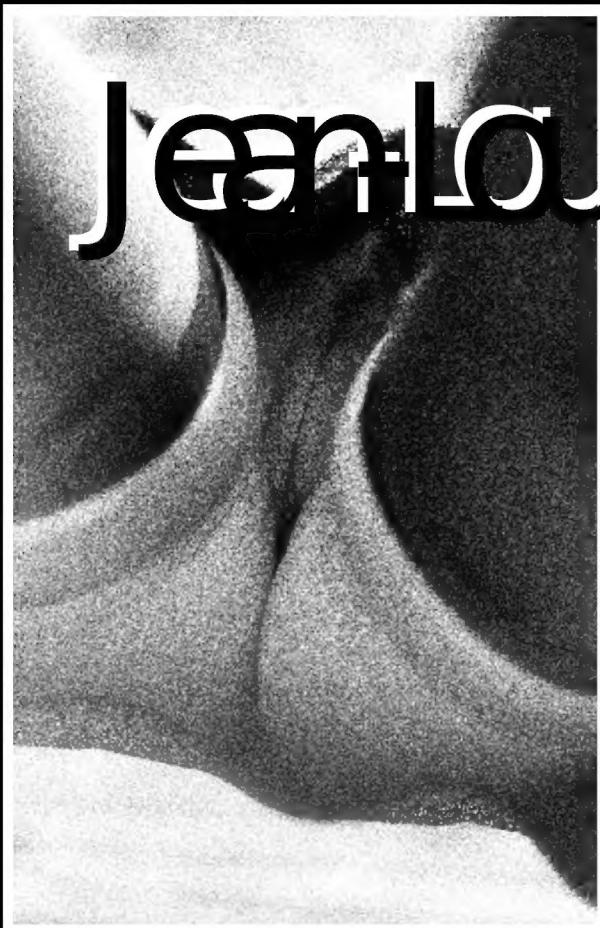
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# Jean-Louis de Velle



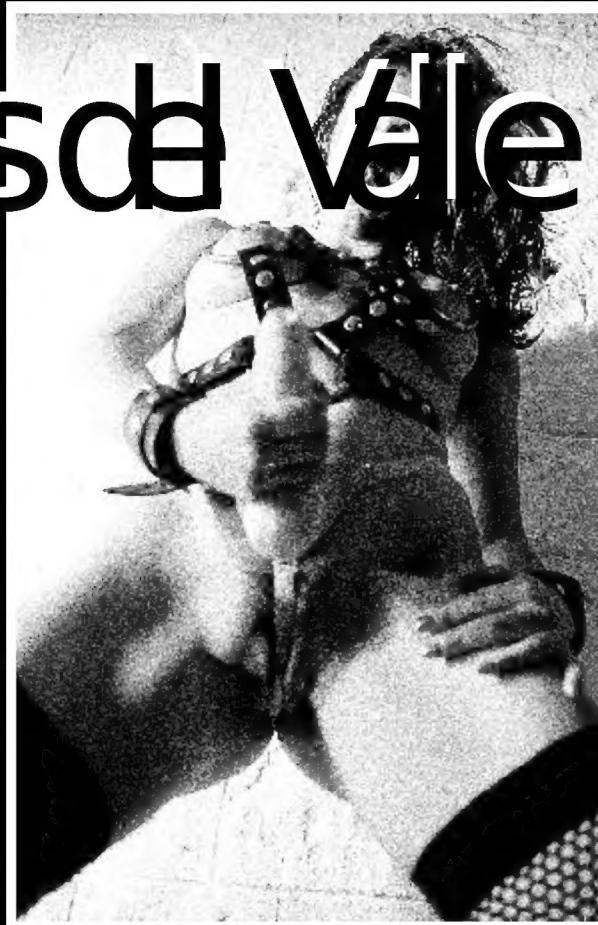
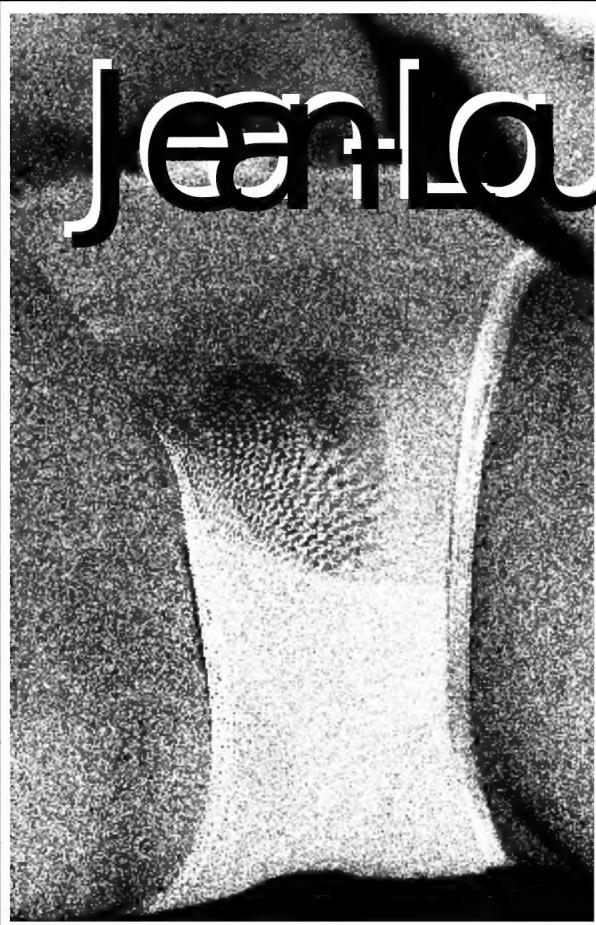
Jean-Louis de Velle

Photographies

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You will not regret it!



# Jean-Laudel Véle





# Carlos Batta





<http://www.editionreuss.de>

**VIDEOS by Carlos Batts**



Carlos Batts has managed to capture his models in the most simple but very provocative way. Some are masturbating in the shower or sitting a banana in their cut, others are just a portrait in the kitchen... but all have "it". They are special... lots of dos and a high sensitive way in colour development. A new rising talent and an excellent book from Edition Reuss

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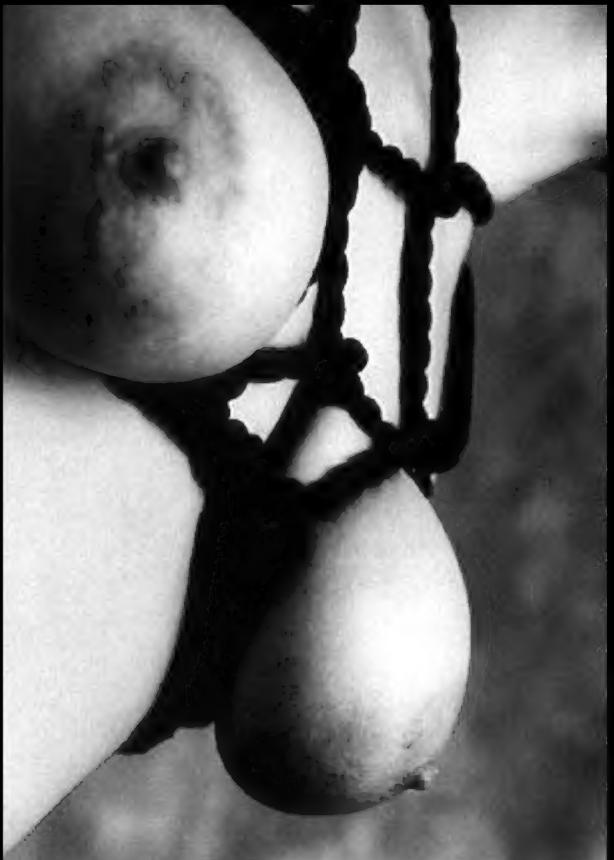
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# PROJECT - BONDAGE





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mention SECRET.....



# MARQUIS

## New Fetish Fashion Catalogue

The Marquis team have finally come up with their new catalogue. As always, it's impressive with its 100 pages, full colour, perfect bound look. For the first time they have composed a good mix of elegant rubber together with the more extravagance outfits of House of Harlot and the Heavy Rubber collection.

When you take this catalogue in your hands you cannot help wondering and ask yourself: Wow this is Big Business!!

Gorgeous models as Dita, Eve Ellis and Bianca will show themselves in the most splendid outfits you have ever seen. Most of them are just fuck-suck me outfits and when dressed in them you will feel powerfull and extremely sexy.

All pictures are by Peter W. Czernich himself. (I just wonder when he finds the time to do all this? !)

Besides this catalogue is also the new Heavy Rubber N°7 - a DITA calendar - a Fetish Calendar and a new DVD : the Bizarre Laboratory.

All prices and info at  
[www.Marquis.de](http://www.Marquis.de) or write to:  
Marquis, Flensburgerstrasse 5,  
42655 Solingen - Germany

[sales@marquis.de](mailto:sales@marquis.de)



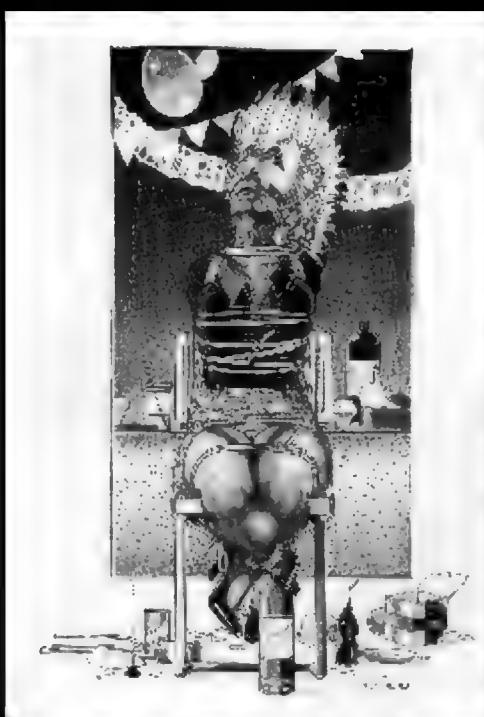
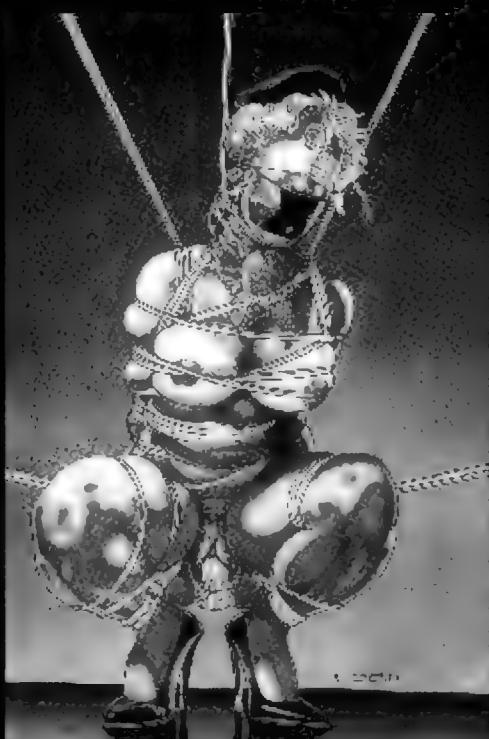
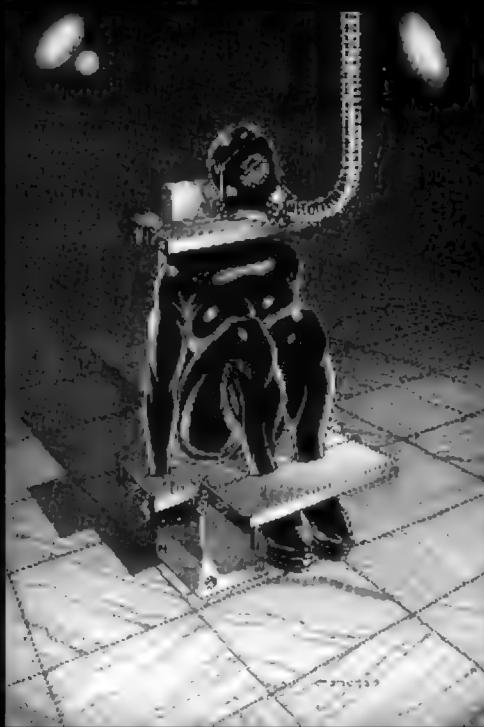
coco

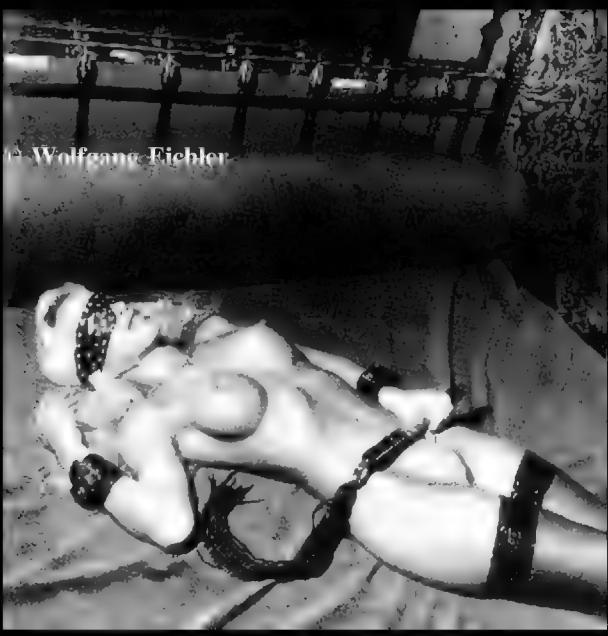
# TreatfCoco

"Her art epitomizes the strong woman who finds herself in bondage, often in embarrassing situations. Her legs are often defined and muscular, her attitude anywhere from frustrated to blissful. The bondage is usually very tight, and many times the art evokes a Bshop-like beauty-glistening rubber and latex wear surrounded by aesthetically perfect rope work" Beautiful book published by Editions Edrose, Postbox 199, 1130 AD Amsterdam, The Netherlands Price 18.5 euro



[www.select-int.com](http://www.select-int.com)





**Editions BLANCHE**  
Rue Caroline 4  
F - 75017 Paris



# Le Grand Livre de la Photographie Erotique

It seems that ever since we started with the *Fetish Photo Anthology* and the successful sale of *EROTIQUE*, edited by Carlton Books with the selection of Rod Ashford (that sold over 140.000 copies) that everybody is publishing anthology's! This big book (about 500 pages!) is a nice selection of erotica and fetish pictures with 75 different photographers. It's too bad it's an A5 size book and that a lot of the pictures have been published in other books, but it's still very good. With a price tag of only 23€ its good value and as you can see from my selection, there is enough in there for you to admire....good stuff with a slight "Tashen" smell to it....

*Jürgen Boedt*

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# Le Banquet

# Gilles Berquet





## Have you no shame?

No? Excellent! Then step into this room the art of being to the hall of shamelessness. Here we treat shame - shame about our bodies, our libidos, our psyches, our sexual imaginations, and whatever pleases them - as a spice, nothing more, a versatile flavoring for our feast. Here purgation and piety by turns, shame serves only as a condiment. We've begun to forget its other, prohibitive functions in regard to the erotic aspects of our nature, as a result of which it's stirring into an emotion fading into memory, for which we start to feel....nostalgia

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When we discover a book framed of our favorite photographers, Gilles Béguet, we know it will be a feast for our eyes and senses. He knows like nobody else, to capture the human body, his eye for detail, humor, sex and eroticism in one shot. This exquisite book is 96 pages, perfect bound, printed on high quality art paper. An absolute must!



Jürgen Boett

# CraigMrey



## 20th Century Studio Nudes

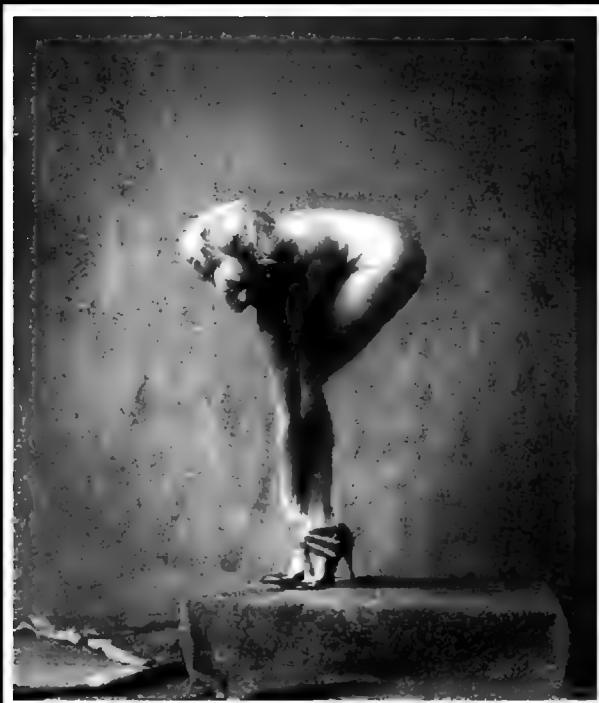
CraigMrey is a fine art nude photographer, who from time to time uses only some rope or a pair of high heels as props. He does this only to give the picture shape. It's all about shapes, the rounding of a leg, the light that falls onto a bottom, onto a breast... his style may be recognised in a blink.

That's an achievement to cherish.

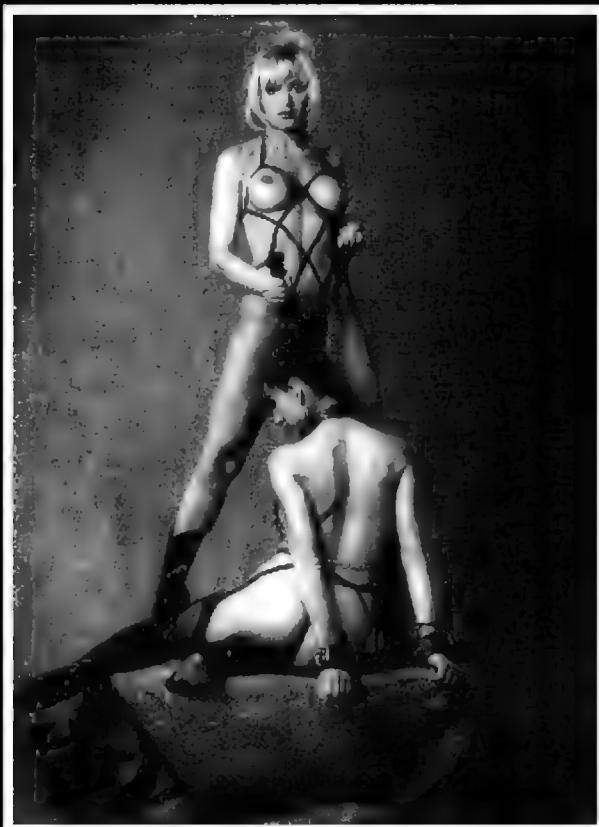
This book has 160 pages, perfect bound without jacket and is a high quality art book. Edited by Caspela. Edition Ober Gaben 51, 86152 Augsburg Germany. Tel: 49.08215080374



[www.mreystudio.com](http://www.mreystudio.com)



# GagMey





# A Brief History of Shibari

## by Master "K"

Over the last several years there has been a significant rise in interest in European and US fetish and SM circles in Japanese style rope bondage (shibari). Whether this is due to the frequency that images of this art form are shown on the Internet or whether this signifies greater sophistication on the part of western bondage/SM players is difficult to judge. However, the interest is real. In Issue 18 of this magazine there appeared a valuable introduction to some of the techniques of this complex erotic rope styling. This article is intended to fill in another gap; a brief history of the 500 + year old traditional Japanese art known as Kinbaku (the art of shibari).

Nawa shibari (rope binding), has a long tradition in that country's history, culture and society. Although all types of restraint (erotic and otherwise) have existed in many places for many years, most experts agree that in Japan the beginnings of this most fascinating and complex form can actually be traced from 1467 (the battle of Onin) and that its development spans the Sengoku (1492-1560), Edo (1600-1868) and Meiji (1868-1912) eras.

At the earliest times rope bondage was a practical technique for restraint and torture. Later, it became a highly complex martial art and law enforcement discipline shrouded in secrecy and ritual. Still later it emerged as the subject for serious works of graphic art as, during the Edo period especially, pictures of elaborately bound and tortured prisoners (men and women) began to be produced. First meant to publicize the punishment of enemies of the state, then as erotica, these pictures capitalized on the very Japanese fear and fascination with public humiliation. Finally, in our own time, it has become one of the most admired of S/M techniques as well as the inspiration for countless erotic, pornographic and commercial images. Shibari has had a long and complex history indeed.

Many of the images of modern Japanese S/M are drawn from the times of the Sengoku jidai or War Period of feudal Japan which stretched from 1492 to 1560. These were the years of the samurai.

During this "dark age", many methods of capture and restraint, torture and humiliation were developed by warring sides which later eras refined for differing purposes. Unlike the medieval period in Western Europe when iron age technology was used to create such devices as handcuffs and the iron maiden, in Japan the restraint of choice and necessity was nawa (hemp rope). Enemy prisoners (as well as the common criminal) needed to be restrained, information and confessions needed to be procured and outlaws and enemies of the state needed to be punished. It was an unlikely and blood thirsty time for an art to be born. And yet ...

In 1742 the Tokugawa government decreed seven different types of official punishments for crimes and four kinds of torture. Two of these, ebizeme (being bound by rope) and tsurizeme (being bound and suspended by rope) became the direct ancestors and inspirations for what would become the shibari art. As Masami Akita accurately observed in his fascinating 1996 study, *Nihon Kinbaku Shashin Shi* (The History of Bondage Photography in Japan), "You could say that the foundation of today's S/M art was laid down then."

It was also at this time that the capture and binding of prisoners became a specialized task and a recognized martial arts skill called Hojojutsu. This ancient discipline, still in existence today, is the forerunner of modern rope techniques.

As is the case with many practical Japanese activities, the capture and restraint of prisoners developed many rituals and traditions. For example, Samurai regarded this work as beneath them and, except in battle, never applied restraints themselves, leaving it to their servants or to constables (Doshin) whose job it was.

Even the binding materials had special qualities. The restraining ropes came in four colors, the significance of which changed over time. As the Nawa Yumio, An Illustrated Encyclopedia for historical studies, states, "according to the earliest traditions, which lasted into the Edo period, the



four colors were associated with well-established correspondences between seasons, directions, and the four Chinese guardian creatures of the four directions. [note: These were also used in the layout of houses, gardens, and cities in China, Japan and Korea.] The color of the rope changed with the season, and the prisoner was restrained facing the direction appropriate to that color and season. The correspondences were as follows:

1. Blue: spring-east (left)-blue dragon
2. Red: summer-south (front)-red phoenix
3. White: autumn-west (right)-white tiger
4. Black: winter-north (back)-black tortoise

During the dog days of late July and early August, a yellow rope was used. By the end of the Edo period, the colors had been reduced to two, white and Indigo, and their use corresponded not to seasons or directions but to the branch of the constabulary using the ropes."



Hemp was used for the real ropes, but silk was used for practice, which was done with dummies made of straw or heavy Japanese paper. It is said that the best hemp ropes were treated in blood and that, as long as the ropes were never washed, this treatment preserved the cords the longest.

There were four rules of Hojojutsu:

1. Not to allow the prisoner to slip his bonds.
2. Not to cause any physical or mental injury.
3. Not to allow others to see the techniques.
4. To make the result beautiful to look at.

The aim of Rule 3 was not so much secrecy for its own sake as it was preventing criminals from learning the techniques and figuring out ways to defeat them. However, binding styles varied from one feudal domain to another. When a person was being transported cross-country, the ropes would be allowed to come loose a

# Shibari

by Master "K"





# Shibari

by Master "K"



bit just before turning him or her over to the next domain's officers, so the latter would not be able to learn the techniques. Each set of officers numbered at least four and the new team would stand around the prisoner while one of their number did the tying, not only to prevent escape but also to foil prying eyes.

There were over 150 different ryu, or schools, of Hojojutsu, each with its own techniques taught by sensei (masters) to their students. The earliest dates from the middle 1500's, and the latest from the late nineteenth century. Sometimes these secret binding methods were recorded on illustrated scrolls for easy reference. However, there was often a catch! The illustrations would either be drawn or described with slight inaccuracies or errors so that they could only be truly used with a sensei in attendance. This prevented the secrets from being lost if the scrolls fell into the wrong hands.

As is clear, Japanese rope bondage was evolving into a highly ritualized and codified activity. Most ties would start with one loop at the prisoners wrists and continue until the whole body was bound using this one piece of rope. From this a wide variety of positions and designs were created, the names of some of which have been passed down and are still in use today. Its restrictive use in torture was extremely painful and could often result in long-term nerve and circulation damage or death. Its punishment was psychological



# Shibari

by Master "K"







too, bending people into positions of humility, ropes tightening around the neck if the victim struggled or hanging the prisoner suspended in a position of complete helplessness.

It also strictly reflected and enforced the social roles of the day. Different rope binding styles were used for people of upper and lower classes, for men, women, children and monks. The bondage punishment was also calculated to fit the crime. An onlooker (and the punished were often suspended or bound in public places) could determine the crime, social position, age and often the profession of the victim simply by examining the rope-work.

When the bloody and protracted Sengoku Period drew to an end and the relatively more peaceful times of the Edo Period began, the leaders of that time wanted to put memories of the violent war years behind them. A result of this was a phasing out of rope torture. The tradition of passing the methods from master to student was stopped and its images were destroyed. Except in police enforcement (where it is still taught today), Hojojutsu also slowly died out as most people wished to forget the barbaric and violent methods of times past. Almost.

Sometime during the artistic heights of the Edo Period, perhaps by now safely distanced from history's cruel realities, artists began depicting torture and humiliation for aesthetic purposes. The first preserved images of a distinctively sexual sadomasochistic subculture date from around this time when Japan opened its doors to the rest of the world, especially the West. A combination of the maturing of an already established genre and the influence of European art and sexual behaviors probably helped it to develop more openly as an art form and culture and, while some censorship did occur, S/M themed works by such Ukiyo-e (wood block print) masters as Kunisada, Hokusai and Yoshitoshi were much admired.

Tsukioka Yoshitoshi (1839 - 1892) was especially noted for his bloody images of battle and violence. His popular wood block print series "Twenty-eight Famous Murders with Poems" contains several images of Hojojutsu and one of his most famous vertical diptychs "The Lonely House on Adachi Moor", showing a pregnant girl bound and suspended upside down, still has the power to horrify and fascinate. Interestingly enough, this was one of the few Yoshitoshi images to be censored by the Tokugawa regime.

With all this imagery available, shibari art developed a popular following but it was not until the social changes at the beginning of the 20th century that people began (or perhaps just began documenting) the exploration of its use for erotic pleasure. Today it enjoys an existence in Japanese popular images probably unequaled in any other country.

Enter the modern rope sensei.

"The only recognition I ever received, as a person who has studied bondage since 1908, was the pervert tag" said Ito Seiu (1882-1961) in an article published in Amatoria magazine in 1953. Ito, generally considered the father of modern shibari was an artist of great skill and influence. A driven, intense, man he was dedicated to the study of what he termed "beauty in suffering". To satisfy his fascination he created hundreds if not thousands of images of rope bondage, both photographs and paintings, during the early part of the 20th century. He once even went so far as to suspend his pregnant mistress just so he could recreate Yoshitoshi's famous and disturbing print!

Although clearly not a follower of the "safe, sane, consensual" credo, Ito was a fine artist and he had a profound impact on the direction SM activities would take in Japan. When he spoke the above quoted words, post war pulp magazines were transforming themselves into mass market erotic journals and many of Ito's pictures were widely seen. Such magazines as Kitan Club and Uramado (edited by the artist Kita Reiko), as well as the novels of Dan Oniroku helped create a golden age of S/M erotica in Japan in the 60's and 70's.

So popular did these images, articles, books and magazines become that one of Japan's largest film companies, Nikkatsu studios, abandoned mainstream production in 1971 to concentrate on erotic films, many with SM themes. Far from cheap pornography these works offered, to quote legendary actress Naomi Tani, "quality consisting of a highly dramatic plot, an entertaining aura which was coupled with a distinctly Japanese ambiance."

The historical images of rope bondage were still very much part of the Japanese psyche as a symbol of punishment and control. Naturally, they were to fit perfectly into the fantasy games of modern S&M as an important symbol of power.

To rediscover the authenticity and skills of their

craft, modern bondage masters and mistresses, writers and producers carefully collected what survived of the old images of rope torture and Hojojutsu. Most had been destroyed before and during the war, but some remained, such as those still to be seen in Matsumoto Castle, where photography of them is still banned.

Over time the ancient art had become highly developed and now its techniques became the foundation for the safety conscious rope work found in modern Japanese erotic shibari. For example, suspension by rope (tsurizeme), once purely a torture technique, has become a mainstay of Japanese S/M club performances by such notable masters as Osada sensei and Denka Akechi and one classic "torture" position, the ebi or "shrimp" tie has survived directly intact from the 17th century to enjoy a popular place in the modern, erotic, shibari repertoire. With great effort, many of these old techniques have been rediscovered and raised to new levels of erotic artistry by such modern practitioners as Nureki Chimou, Haruki Yukimura and Mai Randi whose work can be seen in club performance, on video and in the "rope" books for sale everyday at Japanese news stands.

Shibari is a classic case of the Japanese taking an element from everyday life and turning it into something extraordinary. Like the tea service, flower arranging, and even paper folding, the Japanese have taken erotic binding and raised it to an art form. Unlike Western bondage, which often has pornographic connotations degrading to women, the bound Shibari model represents a living representation of Keat's Grecian Urn; a timeless and still expression of artistic beauty. She is the work of art, the center of the canvas, mysterious and powerful, dramatic and erotic. Shibari photographs are some of the most beautiful bondage and S/M images ever created and artists as varied as the painter/photographer Ito, the novelist Dan Oniroku, the hyper-realist painter Miyabi, and the actress Naomi Tani have risen to legitimate artistic prominence celebrating its mystery and beauty.

#### Some personal reflections

I have admired and studied the beauty of the traditional Japanese art of shibari (kinbaku-bi) for over 25 years. My journey to learn more about this fascinating subject has taken many pathways and has lead me to study the Japanese language,

collect Japanese art and explore several philosophies as well as to study in detail the work of Japan's modern shibari masters.

Because of the nature of erotic art and the difficulties of language and distance my "studies" have progressed slowly but because of this, over time, I have come to realize that shibari can be many things: erotic art and erotic technique, ancient history and living experience, public performance and the subject for deeply personal introspection.

Most importantly, for me, shibari represents the giving of pleasure both erotically and artistically for those that would enjoy such pleasure and in my own work as both a nawashi (rope artist) and photographer I have learned to follow four simple rules:

- To only work with subjects and/or models who enjoy the art/experience.
- To treat the nawa (rope) with the greatest respect and never to forget the vital element of safety.
- To appreciate the experience of doing shibari and not just the result.
- To try to create beauty with both rope and camera.

I hope you enjoy my modest efforts.

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All pictures by Master "K"

Master "K" lives and works in Los Angeles, California, where he has studied shibari for over 25 years. His photographs have been published internationally. Although he usually only works with shibari enthusiasts, for this series of stills he collaborated with some of America's best known fetish models. For helping in the mutual search for the artistic in the erotic he would like to thank: Devon, subgirl, Julie Simone and Michelle.



# Shibari

by Master "K"



© Sandra Jensen

# The Smoking Fetish

by Kat O'Neil & Malone B

S - seductive  
 M - mysterious  
 O - opulent  
 K - Keen  
 E - Endearing

Ciggies, tabs, fags - whatever you'd like to call those deliciously phallic rolls of tobacco have always been considered sexy throughout cinema. Who could forget the smouldering Lauren Bacall asking Bogie for a light, in "To Have and To Have Not" or Sharon Stone's leg-crossing, bad seductress role in "Basic Instinct"? Femme-fatales simply wouldn't be complete without their main "bad girl" accessory - the cigarette.

If men get horny relating glossy lips sucking on tubes of tobacco to oral sex, women see men who smoke as positively macho. A cigarette can give a well-dressed guy who's suited and booted a mysterious allure. Smoking gives a guy a sexy squint, and therefore makes them look cool and heroic. Film noirs need smoke- shadowy cafes in thrillers and murder mysteries wouldn't be the same without it. Fine Artist Jack Vettriano focuses on smoking in almost every canvass he paints. His work wouldn't have the same horny appeal if it wasn't for that grey, sinewy smoke caught on camera... and it's not only about image. Smoking is a fetish - a turn-on, a necessity in bed - like black seamed stockings, or six-inch stilettos. It's become the ultra-seduction, and you don't have to actually light your cigar to excite your lover - just ask Monica.... After a mind-blowing satisfactory romp, reaching for a banana just wouldn't be the same. It's the cigarette in bed which makes you feel like the cat that's swallowed the cream. Forget the ciggie bans in LA, and the new government warnings, Smoking is wickedly sexy, mysterious and seductive - and there's no "butts!"

#### Serious Sexy Smokers -

Bette Davis, Kate Moss, Marlene Dietrich, Humphrey Bogart, Gary Cooper, Lauren Bacall, Marielie Frostrup, Liz Hurley, Catherine Zeta Jones, (all the Friends cast except David Schwimmer), Madonna, James Dean, Brigitte Bardot, Robert Mitcham, Jackson Pollock, Richard Burton, Laurence Harvey, Dirk Bogarde, Joanna Lumley, Sharon Stone, Bryan Ferry, Bill Clinton.

Patricia, is a 31 year-old fashion designer: 'I am a serious smoker, but I am not the sort of woman who lights up in the street, or lurking around wet bus stops with a fag dangling from my mouth. That's fine... if you're James Dean. I actually find it unladylike to smoke in public. In fact, I refuse to smoke in front of anyone but my lover, because it's part of our private foreplay. It's our secret fetish. We don't share it.'

It began one day when we were both watching a Marlene Dietrich movie. She was lighting up a cigarette, she was so in control of what she was doing - an experienced smoker, her cheekbones accentuated when she inhaled, her eyes smouldering in the smoke. I couldn't help notice how my new boyfriend at that time was becoming increasingly excited.

Of course, it was fashionable in the days of Hollywood to smoke as cigarettes were advertised by doctors to relax and hence, promoting a longer life. At first, I thought my new chap was a film fanatic because he had a vast collection of black and white videos in his flat, but I realised that every one of them contained a smoking actress - Rita Hayworth, Lauren Bacall, Bette Davis - all were serious smokers, and the tense would move closely towards their thick, red lips and they'd pucker up and suck on the phallic-shaped stems of tobacco.

My lover's eyes were transfixed to these sirens with their lustful doe-eyes, fluttering those false eyelashes at the camera as they provocatively dragged on their nicotine. Once they'd inhaled, and blew out that blue-grey smoke, I noticed he'd get an instant hard-on, and would real for his crotch. He said he wanted to fuck those, "horny, smoking femme fatales".

I found it quite amusing. It's not that uncommon, and I was completely enthralled by the physical way he'd get so turned on. Like most fetishes, if you indulged in them all the time, they would lose their magic, so I would choose my moment to light a cigarette in front of him. When he sees me do this, he knows I want him to seduce me so he will take the phone off the hook to make sure we're not interrupted.

My favourite place to make his smoking fantasy come true is in my studio when there's no one else around. I'll be working late on my latest design, and I know he is waiting outside. I usher him in. I know he is nervous, but he enjoys the anticipation. He notices the ornate silver cigarette box on my desk. He spots this before he notices my figure-hugging flimsy silk dress with a low-cut neckline, and split at the thigh - revealing the tops of my black stockings. His eyes wander over towards the cigarette box, and towards my crystal lighter. I take hold of a cigarette, and picking up the lighter, using my damson-coloured nails, I flick on the flame. He shakes with sexual excitement. He perspires, and uncomfortably loosens his tie.

I sit on the heavy antique chair and swivels, revealing my stocking tops and pussy. Then, I place the long white stem of the cigarette on my thigh, and slowly roll it up and down. He swallows hard, and unblinkingly watches me tease him. I place the smouldering cigarette on to my white throat, and towards my breasts - my nipples are protruding from the flimsy silk. I then let the smoking cigarette stick between my cleavage, and watch his eyes water. I tease him, pretending that it has gone out and that it's



difficult to light, and he quickly grasps the lighter and directs the flame over the end of the cigarette.

**"Suck... please suck", he pleads.**

I do so, drawing in my cheekbones and letting my eyes lock with his. We both smirk at each other. He groans when the butt flashes scarlet, and I moan as I inhale the nicotine, closing my eyes in ecstasy. I then feel his hot, sweaty hand pressing against the naked white top of my thigh. He pushes his hard member against me, and begs me to blow smoke into his face. The smoke is released. I feel it escape between my teeth. I smile broadly for he is so turned on. He moves nearer to inhale my cigarette smoke, and I know his cock is getting nearer to my pussy. He grips his helmet, and pushes it in my wet hole. I continue to smoke, placing the delicate tip of the cigarette between my glossy lips and slowly inhaling, I close my eyes between every breath, letting the seductive smoke curl from my nostrils and my lips. Every time I exhale, I hear him grunt and moan as he begins to penetrate me. We fuck furiously in the cloud of grey smoke. It gives us the privacy we need, stinging our eyes, and making us feel sexier as we feel it's grip around our throats. I know when he is about to come for he grips my thighs and cries for me to blow the last ounce of tobacco into his lungs. I inhale deeply, my voluptuous breasts heave as I do so, and I let my lips touch his as I give him the very last of my cigarette smoke. He breathes deeply, and we orgasm simultaneously in a roar of exquisite smoke.

Our smoking fetish is becoming an art form. He buys me presents all the time marbled ashtrays, antique silver cigarette holders, cigars imported from Cuba, cigarettes of menthol or ones dipped in port, amber glass smoking lamps and expensive tobacco from the best store in London. When my friends see these exotic gifts, they look at me with amazement, "I didn't know you smoked!" they accuse.

I half-smile at them and say, "I don't - only in bed!" They don't know what I mean, and why should they? The smoke signals I send are for my lover, and although I am only a part-time, secret smoker, life would be a drag without our little fetish'.

Clare, is a 34 year-old lawyer: My smoking fetish is an exquisite art form. Every time I blow the blue-grey smoke from my frosty pink lips, you, my lover get a hard-on. I tease you with the phallic stems of tobacco, slowly and provocatively, I run them up and down my delicate throat, placing the stems in the cleavage of my voluptuous white tits, whilst you reach to suck my hardened pink nipples before taking the tip of two cigarettes in your mouth, and letting me light them both for you. You blow your smoke

into my mouth, and I inhale it, erotically tossing back my blonde curls because it turns me on... especially when you are doing naughty things to me at the same time. I feel your finger enter my anus where you play before you enter your cigarette - which is still burning brightly. Then, you lean over, your lips taking over the scarlet torch and you take a drag of your cigarette and inhale the sweet smoke into your lungs.

My cunt now feels wet... wet and lubricated enough to take your fat, rounded cigars. You have a Churchill - as fat and rounded as your cock when erect, and when you thrust your tongue into my hot cunt, and flick it back and forth over my clit, I moan with ecstasy and fondle my tits, blowing my cigarette smoke over them. The hot air makes my nipples stand on end. You can see them, can't you? I feel the butt of your cigar parting my cunt lips, and touch the entrance of my hole. I gasp and moan, as you push the phallic cigar further and further inside me, fucking me with it.

The first penetration makes me bolt, and when you slide it back and forth into my juicy pussy, it feels delicious!

You push it in harder... and harder. I gasp and moan, and feel my cunt tightening as I am about to climax. You sense this, and begin to slow down, penetrating me more gently this time. You don't want me to come just yet, do you? When you light the butt of the cigar, I watch the smoke curl from my cunt, and you continue to fuck me with it. You push the cigar in deeper, and deeper. My pussy is shaved, and is soft and smooth. It makes penetration easier for you. The fucking gets harder, and more vigorous. I feel my entire body shake uncontrollably - with desire.

With your other hand, you pull out your cock which jumps out hard and stiff. Its purple head is moist and sticky, and you begin to rub it gently, using very controlled motions. I pick up a new cigar from the nearest marble ash-tray and between my gasps and moans, I reach for your firm buttocks, and move my rounded metallic ring into your anal passage where it remains, rimming you until you grunt and stir. Then I plunge in the cigar, and fuck you whilst mine remains ignited. I blow smoke from my cunt with my legs astride so the view is clear.

We're both fucking with the phallic stems of tobacco, and I'm inhaling the sweet smoke into my lungs. I move over your bare muscular back, and light the one I am fucking you with. The juices are pouring from my cunt now, and they put out the flame. The cigar inside of me bursts and becomes frayed. I orgasm with such a terrific force, and my long talons dig into the skin of your back as I roar like an animal. You clench your buttocks and wait.

I am satisfied, and I want you to come as I did - with the same force and energy. I crouch down in front of you, my tits pointing towards your face, and I'm still fucking your anus. I place my hot sticky mouth over your large pulsating shaft and begin to lick and such you vigorously. I see the blue veins of your cock protrude.

My... you are a big boy, aren't you? Your come tastes like the best champagne. It spurts over my lips and drips down my face.

You pass me your cigarette, and I break for a minute to take in a drag. I feel your strong hands grip my shiny hair, and pull me in closer. I blow the blue smoke over your rigid cock, and watch you close your eyes with lust, Then, in our smoke-filled aura, I encircle my tongue round your shaft, and taking the purple head of your cock into

my mouth, I hungrily swallow until the tip of your cock touches my tonsils. As I taste your come, I see the grey thin smoke exuding from my lips, surrounding your cock. Your body jerks spasmodically as you reach your anal orgasm, and as you do so, your great cock explodes in my mouth, leaving your salty come dribbling down my lips.

You still need another orgasm, however, don't you? We both light a new cigarette, and after inhaling, we kiss passionately - your cum drips into your mouth, and I taste the salt and nicotine on my tongue.

Now, we are in a frenzy. I cry out loud as you enter my cunt. Your hard cock thrusts and grinds, and I feel smoke coming from the friction of the carpet as we fuck. Taking drags of our cigarettes, we blow smoke into each other's eyes and faces, suck each other's nicotine-flavoured tongues, inhaling and exhaling the delicate perfume of our exotic cigars. When we climax, we do it together at the same time. When you pull out of wet cunt, your pulsating cock fails limply and wet on to my stomach. My cunt aches and throbs with satisfaction amidst the thick smoke. We both turn, and light another cigarette, and contemplate how we can take our smoking fetish one step further'.

Gina is a forty year-old Graphic Artist: 'I adore men who smoke. I think men who smoke know about women. If a guy isn't afraid of spilling ash on his clothes, and having yellow nicotine on his fingers, he won't mind being covered in women's lovejuices, going down on her and getting messy sexually.

**All the idols I love in films smoke. I think cigarettes look cool. I have posters of Michael Caine in his thick-rimmed glasses togged up to the nines with a cigarette**



**dangling from his lips. Jimmy Dean wouldn't have looked so mischievous without the appeal of a ciggie - the only thing he could rely on! Clint wouldn't have had the same squint, and Lauren and Rita in their glorious satin gowns wouldn't have shoultered for the Tense without a cigarette in hand.**

Forguys, cigarettes give them a cool image. Johnny Depp and Nick Cave are so laid-back and non-chalent when they're giving interviews - and why? Because their cigarettes are burning away. Hence, giving them a lounge-lizard bedraggled look which makes women fancy the pants off them. I love to watch Jazz in smoky pubs and cafes - the cigarette adds to the ambience. You're there to relax and you see that beautiful blue smoke resting above candlelit tables and you find yourself becoming more and more seduced.

I love to smoke in bed. I find non-smoking guys have a milky taste in their mouth, and the French, the sexiest race are always filmed smoking in bed after the orgasms have ceased. Smoking is sexy because you look at your lover through hooded eyelids, and when men see a woman draw, on a cigarette, the automatically think of oral sex. Alternatively, when a guy curls his tongue around a ciggie, the lady imagines it's her clit.

Studying people who smoke turns me on - someone who takes such a long time to roll their own. Imagine the same attention being paid on your cunt. When you see someone you fancy, and you're sexually drawn to them, what better chat up line than, "Excuse me, do you have a light?" French kissing when you're smoking is horny. You can taste the nicotine on each other's tongues, and you can suck their tongue like you would a cigarette. I love men licking me out, then pausing for a drag on a cigarette. Sex and smoking go hand-in-hand. I love to see smoke rising from my thighs, and the way they look up at me through the blue smoke rising from my pussy.

Smoking is for bad girls and boys. It's always been a sign of rebellion. Remember all that smoking behind the sport's hall at school? I was always there complete with matches and spliffs. I have early pubescent memories of fancying boys who smoked at school. They were the ones who got sent out of class, who wore biker's leather jackets and scrunched their schoolbooks in their top pockets (we all remember Travolta in Grease - nobody fancied anyone else!). Those were the guys who turned me on - and they still do.

I've never been sexually drawn to the politically correct squeaky-clean type. I love the "bad lads". Give me a greasy quiff and those squinting at me through cigarette smoke at gigs, fingering their ciggies with tattooed fingers.

Even cigar-smokers look more powerful than your non-smoking man. Cigars are the sign of power - and that's a great aphrodisiac. They belong to the man who knows sweet success, and kinky sex. Cigars are for the mature man - the one who loves women and wants to please them in bed.

**Pictures by Sandra Jensen - Black factory  
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# Why are you sensitive to latex, leather, lingerie, ... ?

Whip me ... Mackintosh ... Do minate... Rubber ... suffocate...

These and similar words printed repeatedly on a piece of paper and placed in front of the average person will raise his or her heartbeat rate momentarily by four to five beats a minute. Two of these extra beats are uncertainty beats because the subject doesn't know why you've given him the paper.

However to a minority - a sizeable minority - the paper produces a momentary increase of as much as fifteen beats per minute. Some of these are due to interest rather more because of fear - fear because the reader reckons he does know why you put the paper there: you know he's 'kinky' and you might tell his wife, his boss, etc. I'm not telling you anything new, because as a reader of Secret Magazine you are probably one of this minority.

I am much aware of the fact that any material I supply which tries to explain why people are one word-sensitive, latex-sensitive, lingerie-sensitive and so on, will be, subconsciously, bitterly resented by much of my audience. The editor of a now defunct rubber-oriented magazine resented at least one explanation himself:

**"No matter how true it may be ... we will not print any letter that traces a liking for rubber back to infantile bedwetting! There is absolutely no appeal from this sentence".**

I don't think by any means that every rubber addict has this root for his liking, of course; but, whether he meant it in this way or not, there certainly is no sexual appeal that arises from reading about the idea.

The aim of the psychologist/psychiatrist/psychotherapist/trick cyclist or whatever you want to call him is nevertheless not to spoil peoples sexual fun by stopping their tendency towards deviation: indeed, one psychiatrist records "I remember being quite surprised when, during my early days of doing psychoanalysis, I built up an accurate rationalisation for my patients behaviour, but the patient merely remarked 'So that's the reason ! Well, isn't that

interesting ?' and went right on trying on his girl friends clothes when she wasn't looking".

No, the psychologist aim is to make his patient happy - totally happy. This neither means telling him to pull himself together and stop whatever he's worried about, nor sending him a hundred pictures of girls in leather outfits so that he can gorge himself into ecstasy whenever he want's, because neither method works. One of my cases once told me that he could get all the sexual satisfaction he needed by encasing himself in an extremely constrictable leather catsuit and helmet - and since he is a batchelor he can carry out his ritual every day if he wants to. No girl need be present. But this method doesn't stop him from being a nervous wreck at the same time, because there is one person always present when he laces himself into his rig - him and part of him knows it is unnatural to isolate himself during an activity that should involve a girl, and to that absolute unnatural - wrong - sinful - punishable by some method - self super ego, punishment by even tighter restriction in his leather outfit, and so the vicious circle is completed. The circle can, however, be profitably broken when it presents a problem to the owner', which is why I hope you are pressing on with reading this article, but it's got to be broken in exactly the right way, or the deviation merely arises again in another form.

There is at the moment rather a vogue among psychotherapists about a technique called **Aversion Therapy**. For those who have not met the idea before, it is this. Let us suppose that our patient is that most 'in' addict - a man who likes his ideal woman dressed in thigh-length, preferably high-heeled, boots, because his liking is driving his fat legged, low-arched wife to destruction, he kindly decides to visit a psychotherapist, 'kindly', because the sort of chap who likes boots is generally kindly - a sight too kindly, if the truth be known. In the consulting room, once his 'problem', is known he is given a cup of tea and asked to pick out from a series of photos of girls in boots, the sort he likes best (yes, I know, I'm over

simplifying, fantasizing, but it's a useful short cut.) Unknown to him, the tea contains an emetic. After looking at the luscious boots for a while, he feels terrible and is eventually sick. The treatment is repeated whether he deserves the ruse or not: The idea is to build up an association in his mind that links boots with a repulsive feeling: so he stops liking boots.

Now there are plenty of people who have been relieved of their 'trouble' by this method. I'm not saying it's no good but it doesn't always work. As to why, one possible reason was pointed out in a succinct letter:

"Aversion therapy is no more than rubbing a dog's nose in the mess it has made: naturally the symptom disappears."

But of course we are not dogs, even if some of us quite enjoy it if our girl-friends amused themselves (and wrecked our marriage chances) by putting a collar and leash on us and walking us up and down the room. For in many cases the 'Treatment' may merely repress the tendency even deeper, and the next thing we know is that our patient abandons boots because he finds being whipped once a week by an understanding girl in rubber - high heels and corset more satisfying, but she's seldom so understanding that she forgoes the £10. per stroke. She charges him which is leaving him with a negative bank account and a wife who's worried why he's always late home Fridays and is as irritable as a bear for the rest of the week.

The other snag about aversion therapy - and, let's face it, about some other forms of treatment - is that, until cured a deviate is a deviate is a deviate. The masochist must have (he thinks) something to scream about, some reason for condoning his own inadequacy, some excuse for not fighting back, and taking responsibility for his life-pattern.

"I lay at his/her feet, bound, gagged and helpless" means in fact

"I was totally irresponsible for the process of our relationship: anything that went wrong was entirely his/her fault"

Thus if such a person looks like being cured of his state of mind, he will have to take responsibility. He doesn't want this, so he stops coming for treatment and yet, if he reached the point of being relieved of his symptoms, he would be content to assume responsibility ~ welcome it, even.

Another method of treatment consists of killing the cat by choking it with cream. As an example, we may cite a conversation with the wife of a man who wanted her to whip him prior to love-making. The

wife knew of this and indeed complied with his wishes but she made the remark, "I believe he passed his peak while I was beating him but I didn't stop because I thought his pleas for me to stop were part of the act".

Of course this experience must have been absolutely hideous for the husband, but the fact remains that he had initially asked for his "punishment". He had become his own downfall, and could scarcely argue that this form of aversion therapy was not carried out at his own request. The action of prolonging the deviation after the peak had passed (about half a minute is ample) is radical, but some success is reported.

A variant on the process has been tried which again involves the co-operation of a willing partner (a decided snag, as doubtless many readers will know, but a bridgeable snag because the partner may be induced to co-operation if as a result the deviation compulsion is alleviated). It applies where the deviation is fetishistic only, and to exemplify it we shall take the case of a girl who loved the feel and smell of rubber mackintoshes and/or cape round her body. Her husband, although privately thinking she was a bit potty, since he did not possess this liking himself, figured that since her addiction still persisted after years of marriage, the inadequacy was at least his fault. This is actually a false premise, but let it stand. He therefore asked what to do. On receiving advice from one of his 'Choke-em-with-cream' school, he practically refused to have any private or social contact with his wife unless she put on her mackintosh, her cape fastened everything up and pulled up the hoods, etc. In the end (or should I say, the last I heard of them, which as I have explained is not necessarily the same thing), she was becoming distinctly bored with her addiction, which is always a good pointer towards a cure. Again the principal of self-cure, due to getting exactly what you want and finding it exhausting is preserved: the insistence of her husband on her wearing her mackintoshes every evening was precisely the attitude of the sadistic master of fantasy, so she could hardly complain (and initially did not want to complain) at her treatment. Unfortunately, however, I have not statistics on the efficacy of the treatment in general.

I am however, inclined to believe that all the treatments already outlined may be of limited value because they alleviate the symptom but not attack the cause. Perhaps only the transvestite who becomes an outstanding female impersonator can get away with this and even then, the almost obsessive use of sex jokes during their acts shows to my nasty suspicious mind that they are still under pressure.

Of course there is an established school of

psychology which holds that to alleviate the symptom is all that is necessary, arguing that if the deviation causes no trouble, what does it matter? There is something to be said for this school, especially when the quirk is classed as a deviate only because of changing tides of opinion. For example, **there was a period when a girl who didn't wear long stiletto heels was thought odd**. Certainly there was no inferred neurosis if a man liked his girl to wear such shoes. The symptom was alleviated because it was socially acceptable: it was thus possible to have that particular cake and eat it - and, as I shall explain later, it may frequently be made possible.

Let us first assume, however, that the root causes are to be wriggled out - a process which would fill some readers with embarrassment, principally because sooner or later they reckon that they will be brought face to face with the fact that sexually they are behaving like spoilt kids.

But remember that they are only to be reminded of this in private. They are not going to have to parade the fact, and there is nothing new in being childish in private, which is why I wonder why so many folk seem scared of going back. Doesn't the most aggressive, adult virile normal male (and female counterpart) go back to childhood in the privacy of their own marital relationship at home? though we may grin at the top tycoon whose secretary calls him "Snookums", don't we all at times romp like kids with our partners about the bed, bounding about like kangaroos, playing slap-and-tickle and calling each other by childish names? We ought to, if the love-bug still bites, for it is easier to pour love upon a child without embarrassment than to pour love upon an adult. So we regress.

And if it is needed a very necessary regression, especially in these days when the pressures of life upon our nervous system are greater than they have ever been. This is why in England - and even more in America, where the pressures are, if anything, harder - **the sexually dominant woman is becoming an increasingly popular fantasy figure**.

The curiosity of this female is that she is actually far less self-indulgent than she could be. She still wears her painfully high arched shoes or lace-up boots, her breath-restricting corset, her ultra feminine and out-of-date long black gloves, her new hair style and generous mouthed (generous!) artificially heavy make-up. She is in fact herself enslaved by the trappings of her own femininity, and I can imagine any man who persuaded his wife to act this part perfectly one evening would find that by the time she had got the kids to bed and fixed her hair and done her make-up and put on all her gear and found a whip it would be time to go to bed. In fact the saddest thing about submissive men who marry dominant women for this purpose finds in all but a very small

number of cases that the only place she doesn't dominate is in their sex-life.

Of course there's a very simple reason for this: the dominant woman is, actually, the insecure woman, and she can't bear to demonstrate to herself this insecurity in the arena where insecurity is at its most obvious and disastrous. For her the circle forms again: domination - insecurity - non relaxation - frigidity - cruelty to the male - sadism - domination.

However, if we can appreciate that childishness is at times desirable as a therapeutic process, we can find no shame or guilt in going back to it to search for the elusive starting point of a deviation or in occasionally using it (the childish attitude or the deviation itself) within the framework of a love relationship. It's when one partner always wants it that it gets distasteful to the other partner, if both parties are not equally inclined to the same deviancy.

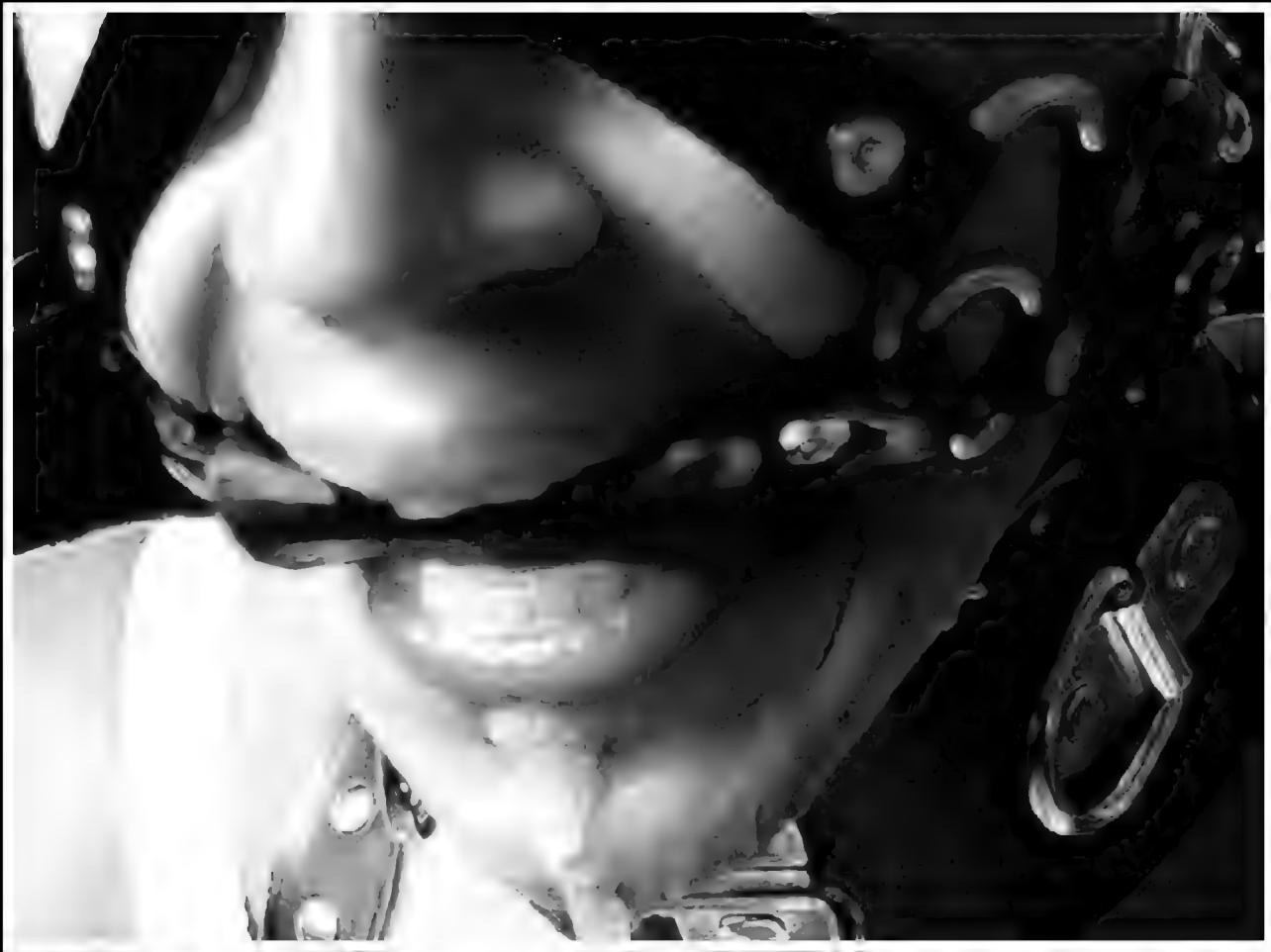
To wrinkle out the source of the deviation is seldom possible unaided, because the direct reductive analysis method of free association ("just say whatever comes into your head" says the analyst) and dream interpretation now used by many psychoanalysts is impossible to carry out without an unboreable, unshakable, unsuggesting - theories-which-may-not-apply-in-your-case ear with which to communicate. However a patient understanding partner can help, if love be there. Love must be there, to prevent the denting of respect that may accompany 'confessions' of this sort. "Love suffereth all things" as the bible says and there is the chance that the partner can by understanding the deviant attitude start to make allowances for its existence within the relationship rather than by inadvertently or deliberately excluding it.

Nearly every psychotherapist has constantly to remind himself that a deviation need not necessarily involve a neurosis: but since only those in whom a distressing factor does appear come and see him, he may be forgiven for thinking that a deviation does involve unhappiness.

This text was sent in by a reader who wants to express some thoughts on the subject. We didn't entirely agree with what he "thinks" but found it sufficiently profound to publish it. If you have any reaction to this please write us at Secret Magazine, P.O.Box 1400 - 1000 Brussels 1, Belgium or email: SecretMag@glo.be

**Jürgen Boedt**

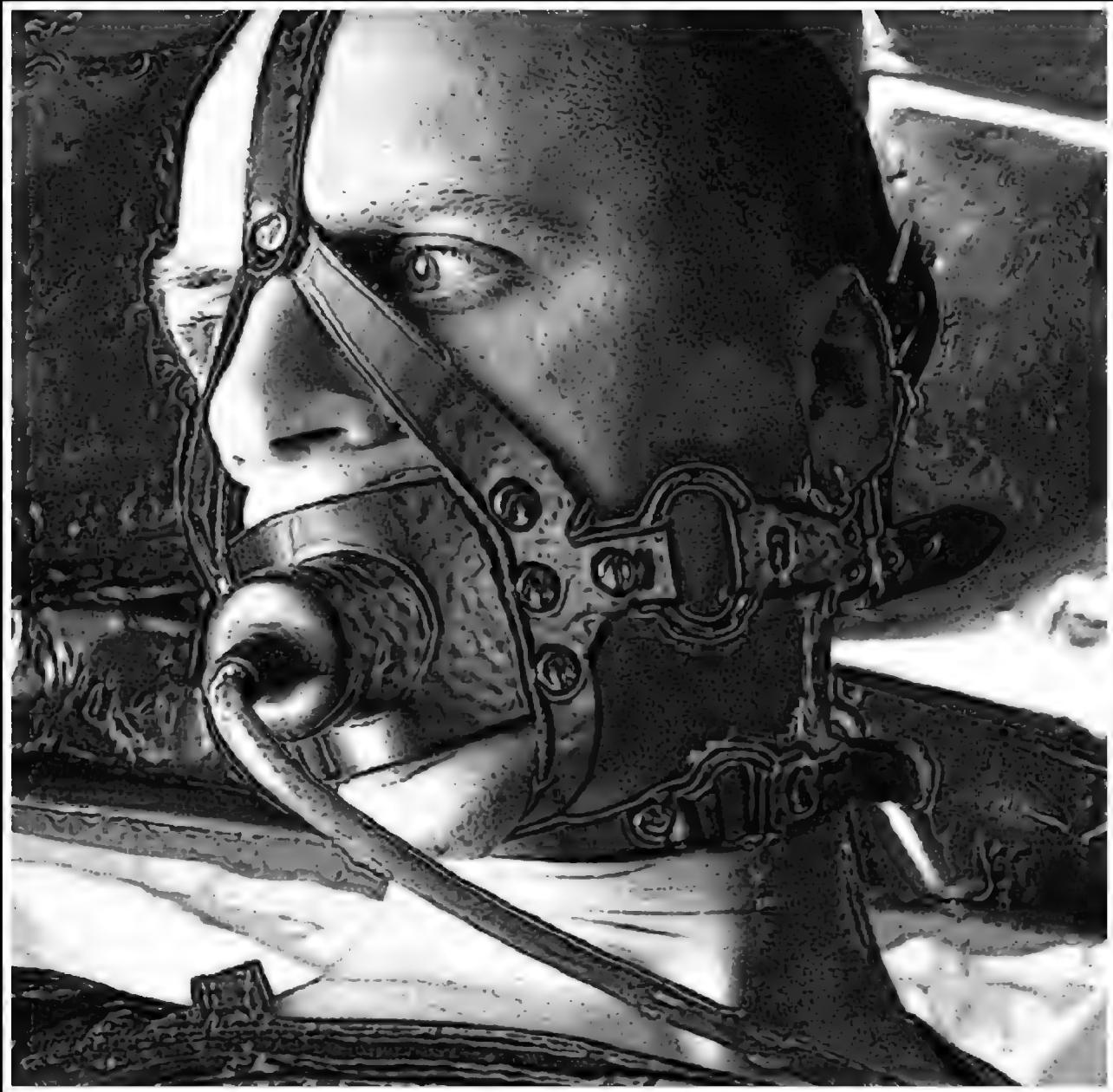
# MttWdfRand



# Mit Wdf Rand



# Mt Wdf Rand



# MittWdfRand







# MtWdfRnd



# MittWdfRand







# MttVdfRand



# Gasmasks

## Care and protection

From time to time hints on the care of rubber clothing are given in magazines such as this - even if this runs counter to the best interests of Secret Magazine who, one might reasonably suppose, ought to be encouraging the doctrine of '**built-in obsolescence**' which is an inescapable fact of life in this consumer society of ours.

One item of equipment, however, is conspicuous by its absence from such advice, and that is the **gasmask** which, to judge from articles, pictures and comments in this magazine, is an indispensable ingredient of bondage games or simply part of the mystique and ritual of 'Dressing for Pleasure'. Yet the gasmask, by its very nature, can be a dangerous toy, and it is consequently essential that some do's and don'ts should be set down on paper for its proper use, together with advice on its care and maintenance.

### Sources of Supply

At the present time there are two principal ways of acquiring gasmasks. You can look up 'Industrial Safety Equipment' in the Yellow Pages and place an order with your friendly neighbourhood stockist of industrial respirators. These are relatively expensive, a brand new system, complete with spare filters and accessories, costing anything from £40 to £200 or even more. With this, however, you will get the manufacturer's guarantee and a handbook giving precise details for fitting, wearing and care. Read this advice carefully and act on it! Industrial respirators are available with a bewildering array of filters, designed specifically for a very wide range of toxic gases and dusts. If gasmasks are to be worn strictly for fun and games in an average and tolerably pollution-free atmosphere, the type of filter used is immaterial.

If, on the other hand, you feel that you can only justify such a large outlay on the grounds of protecting yourself and your family against the nuclear holocaust, then there are various NBC filters (Nuclear, Biological and Chemical Warfare) available from those firms which have mushroomed - like a nuclear bomb-cloud - since the unsecure times we are living. Of course, once the seals on these filter canisters have been broken, then the active life of the absorbent and absorbent ingredients begins to decline. Hedge your bets by buying spare filters - one for fun and the other strictly in event of the balloon going up.

The vast majority of the industrial respirators now on the market have a single large window, rejoicing under such brand-names as Fullvue or Vistarama. These are admirably suited to the purpose intended by the manufacturer - as near to all-round vision by the wearer as possible. A curious aspect of the psychology of gasmasks, however, is the need for the wearer or the beholder (or both) to preserve the air of mystery and this

is better achieved by adopting a mask with twin eye-pieces - the smaller the diameter the better. Of course, the large window may be partially offset by the inner ori-nasal mask which forms a component of so many modern masks. You pay your money and take your pick!

This psychological problem may be solved more satisfactorily by opting for one or other of the many military gasmasks produced over the past sixty-odd years. In this case the main source of supply used to be the local surplus store but these days is more likely to be an antique shop specialising in militaria (with prices increased accordingly). Aesthetically these ex-Army gasmasks may be much more satisfying than the modern industrial types, but they are much more accident prone. Even if you are fortunate enough to acquire examples of the gasmasks still more or less in current use great care must be exercised. These





masks have been sold off as surplus for a good reason. Their shelf-life may have expired, and though they might appear to be in pristine condition, a closer inspection may reveal microscopic defects or perishing of the rubber at junctions, or along the grooves of corrugated rubber hosing. Even if the rubber parts appear to be in absolutely immaculate condition the filter and its contents may be defective. The chemical ingredients deteriorate once the seals are broken and even ordinary atmospheric air and moisture gain access. Filter media corrode or reach saturation point by absorbing water vapour. The active life of a filter may range from six months to two years, depending on type and contents, even if it is never exposed to any gases. Consequently filters on gasmasks which have been kicking around in surplus stores since World War II are unlikely to afford any kind of protection from noxious gases.

I am reminded of a gasmaskbuff of my acquaintance who, not content with wearing the damned thing, decided one day to heighten his games with a spot of the real thing. He and his girl-friend, to whom he had introduced his little quirk, were necking in the back of his car one day when he accidentally on purpose spilled a bottle containing concentrated ammonia. Quickly they dived for their

gasmasks as the fumes filled the confined space. Far from heightening the orgasmic intensity of the encounter this prank almost cost the silly so-and-so his life, as the gasmasks failed to cope with the ammonia. The couple only managed to get the car-door open in the nick of time. In the bad old days before the advent of North Sea Gas there were even some idiots who imagined they could improvise a gas-chamber by turning on the gas-tap. But gasmasks were never designed to filter out coal-gas - or the related substances, such as carbon monoxide and carbon dioxide, both of which are every bit as lethal as the war gases used on the Western Front.

The Germans, wise people that they are, even took the precaution of affixing labels to the filters of the earlier versions of the Zivilschutzmaske warning the public that no protection could be given against these gases. Unfortunately, the authorities in Britain were never so farsighted.

Even when the 'gas syndrome' is pandered to by the use of some fairly harmless agent these old wartime gasmasks will seldom be found efficacious. Another friend of mine once acquired a tin of lachrymatory capsules, used in gasmask training exercises to simulate the effects of tear gas. He and his longsuffering wife decided to put the capsules to the test one evening. Suitably accoutred, they broke two or three of the ampules of amber fluid - and dashed, gasping and choking from their bedroom, tears misting up the inside of their goggles, as the vile fluid evaporated. I understand that they had to camp out in the spare bedroom for several weeks before the master bedroom was completely decontaminated!

But even if your tastes run to nothing so bizarre and you are content with the atmosphere as it is, the wearing of gasmasks can be hazardous. The action of water vapour in the atmosphere can rust the metal parts of valves in filters, making them seize up and thus preventing the intake of air by normal inhalation. In some filters, notably those of American manufacture of pre-Pearl Harbor vintage, water vapour has caused some of the absorbent chemicals to coagulate into an impermeable barrier through which not even the most vigorous of lungs could draw breath. I speak from bitter personal experience of this, having once almost blacked out while wearing a pre-war stockinet-covered MI gasmask whose filter had seized up solid. The particularly dangerous aspect of this is that the wearer is not always conscious of breathing problems, particularly if the inner part of the face-piece has a great deal of what is technically known as dead space. This is the amount of space between the face and the mask itself. In some early gasmasks there was quite a bit of dead space which often allowed dangerous volumes of carbon dioxide exhaled by the wearer to build up. This creates at first a feeling of euphoria or light-headedness, but redding or blacking out can ensue quite rapidly, with total unconsciousness and, in extreme cases, asphyxiation. The euphoric stage may not always be recognised for what it is, especially if sexually induced excitement is intensifying.

The converse situation is also true, and many people have found that the restriction of their breathing and/or the build-up of carbon dioxide are powerful aphrodisiacs. I cannot stress the dangers of this too highly; the deliberate restriction of breathing to the point of asphyxia or the

induction of carbon dioxide narcosis for 'kicks' are exceedingly dangerous and to be deplored just as vehemently as glue-sniffing or drughtaking for the deleterious effect they have on the human body.

## A daptation and Conversion of Gasmasks

There are purists who believe that gasmasks should never be tampered with; and there are others who take immense pleasure out of cannibalising them and producing their own esoteric variants. As a student of this branch of militaria I come into the former category and prefer to keep the gasmasks in my collection in their original guise, if not in their pristine condition. If the khaki paint on the outlet valve of a British Army Mark IV General Service Respirator is flaking, or the filter canister still has that dent it acquired on the beaches of Dunkirk, so be it, so far as I personally am concerned.

Gasmask enthusiasts in the latter category, however, delight in gilding the lily or altering things out of all recognition. Perhaps this is an aspect of the psychology of fetishism. In my many years of observing this condition at second hand I have witnessed many strange things. One gasmasker, who happens to be in the manufacturing



jewellery business, has had the metal parts on all his gasmasks stripped of their warpaint. The naked steel or brass is then annealed, purged by flame and acid, and finally given a lavish electroplating. With the bullion price of gold so astronomic these days, I shudder to think how much the gold-plating of his gasmasks must have cost - but your dedicated aficionado seldom pauses to reckon the costs of his little indulgence.

Others, perhaps not so well-placed to indulge their fancies, have settled for japanning metal parts, and I have to admit that the over-all effect of a gasmask of black rubber and black metal parts is quite stunning, in a Darth Vader sort of way. I know of at least two individuals who take this a step farther by painting over the glass eye-pieces in a similar manner. This is, I believe, known as the occlusive effect. The wearer of the gasmask is thus rendered even more helpless by being deprived of sight, and this sensory deprivation is too well-known an aspect of the bondage scene to merit further comment. Another friend has compromised in an ingenious manner. Instead of painting over the eye-pieces he has had discs of stout black latex cut exactly to fit the space. This is an excellent idea for those who want to experience total occlusion but who do not wish thereby to render their gasmask useless when the nuclear balloon goes up. The same gasmasker has converted the speech diaphragm in his gasmasks by a similar device. In modern military respirators the 'voicemitter' operates on the principle of a thin mica diaphragm which vibrates in much the same way as the diaphragm inside a telephone. This device permits speech without any distortion or muffling - so essential for the giving and receiving of military orders, but my friend believes that speech deprivation should also figure in his bondage scene and the wearer of the gasmask is effectively silenced by using a thick rubber diaphragm. This creates the effect of a gag, without the physical discomfort of the conventional gag.

For most of the compulsive gasmask converters, however, it is simply a matter of not leaving things alone. All too often I see photographs of people clad in gasmasks which lack the filter canister. The corrugated hose is left in situ, with its overtones of phallic symbolism, but the filter is removed. This may be admirable on grounds of safety, but I suspect that it has been removed merely because some chap's ladywife objects to the weight and discomfort of the canister banging around on her chest. Such idleness and indiscipline is, of course, to be heartily deplored! The corrugated rubber hose attached to the inletjunction of gasmasks is usually fairly short, 18 inches being about average, but occasionally a much longer hose may be encountered, and examples up to four feet in length have been seen fitted to some American and Belgian gasmasks. That is, effectively, the maximum length which can be used without either difficulty in breathing or the need for some kind of pump. Much longer hoses were (and still are) fitted to air-line masks worn by hardy individuals exploring broken sewers or gas-mains, but these hoses invariably have a pump to keep the air flowing. Herein lies another pitfall for the unwary. Arising out of the phallicism mentioned above, some people have literally gone to tremendous lengths and fitted yards and yards of hose to their favourite gasmasks. Not only is this a positive health hazard but it tends to get in the way of love-making or any other activity normally engaged in while thus equipped.



The Reichluftschutzbund, bless their hearts, exploited a well-known axiom of human physiology - that your average lusty adult breathes in more oxygen than is strictly necessary for survival, and consequently exhales a fair proportion of pure air as well as carbon dioxide. This enabled the Germans to devise a series of gasmasks in tandem, so to speak, in which one person breathed in enough air for two. By linking two gasmasks with corrugated hose the air was drawn through mask B by the wearer of mask A. A variant of this enabled the wearer of mask B to inhale the air previously exhaled from mask A, and this is a practice in which some people indulge. Some gasmasks are admirably suited to this without any alteration of their components, especially those in which both inlet and outlet have a screw thread of uniform diameter. Basically, a hose is fitted to the outlet of a gasmask at one end, and to the inlet of another gasmask at the other end. If at some mid-point along the connecting hose there is inserted a two-litre rubber breathing bag, of the type used in surgical operations and frequently illustrated in these pages, the effect can be heightened. The wearers can then see the amount of exhaled air available for reuse. This can be useful in checking wearer A from being sneaky about holding her breath, to the

obvious detriment of her partner...

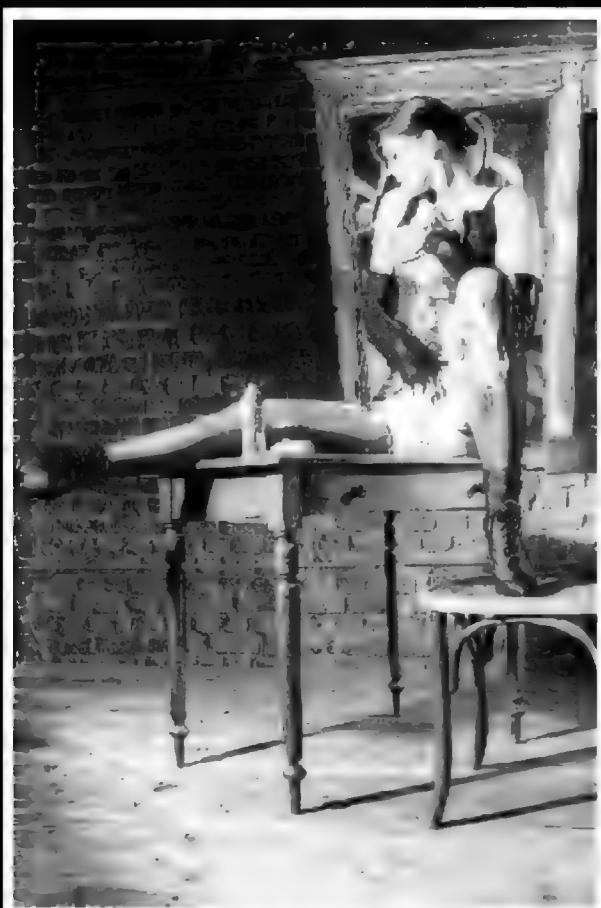
Of course, a certain amount of alteration may be required in the normal course of events. For gasmasks to be wearable it is essential that the head-harness fits comfortably and this requires that the bands have not lost their elasticity. Fortunately haberdashers continue to sell inch-wide knicker elastic that serves the purpose very well. The mind boggles at the thought of the knickers for which they are really intended! Finally I should end with a few more or less obvious hints for keeping gasmasks in a good state of preservation. Surplus gasmasks are often in a filthy state when purchased. The metal parts should be carefully unscrewed, the wire and tape securing hoses removed, and the eye-pieces unscrewed where practicable. The rubber facepiece can then be given a thorough cleaning. Some wartime manuals mention boiling or immersion in formalin, but nothing quite so drastic should be necessary. Use toilet soap rather than detergents for washing, and always rinse well afterwards before drying. In the United States some time ago I acquired an aerosol can containing a spray designed not only for cleaning rubber but also for enhancing its appearance by imparting a fine sheen to it. I have found this excellent, both as a preservative and for improving appearances. I should not need to add that rubber hates heat and strong sunlight as well as oil or oil-based materials, so gasmasks should be kept in dark, well-ventilated and cool cupboards when not in use. Keep your masks in their original haversacks or carrying canisters by all means but remember to take them out frequently to enable the rubber to regain its natural shape. Take care of your gasmasks and you should get many years of pleasureable wear out of them.

Happy gasmasking!



# MaxRitt









# her cruel hairbrush

When I was younger and my father was away at war, a woman came to lodge at our house who we called Auntie Joy. We knew she was not a real auntie. She was a tall, well-formed woman in her early thirties, who had never married. Now a medical secretary, she oozed the confidence that such women have and although she kept aloof from us, her contribution towards the housekeeping must have helped my mother at the time.

She had a very elegant dressing table and while looking at it in awe one day, I picked up a most beautiful, ruby-red ring and took it downstairs to show my sister.

Shortly afterwards Auntie Joy came home and with a brisk "Hello" went upstairs.

Well it seemed an interminable time before the inevitable happened and her determined footsteps sounded on the stairs. My sister fled. The door

was flung open and Auntie Joy, looking ten foot tall, wearing a magnificent in a pre-war silk brocade housecoat, looking fiercely furious, and looking directly at me, said, "Where is it?" "W-what?" I stammered unconvincingly.

"The ring," she demanded.

"Oh..... is this it?" I motioned feebly towards the kitchen table where the ring in question was standing with the salt and pepper. She pounced, taking the ring with one hand and me, by the scruff of the neck, with the other.

"Upstairs," she growled, menacingly pushing me and sending me sprawling on the foot of the stairs. "You're coming to my bedroom," she snarled, pushing me again and sending me scrambling up the stairs on my hands and knees.

Pushing me into her room, she closed the door behind her, locked it and pocketed the key.

"So I need to start locking my room now do I?" she demanded, standing over me, hands on hips. I gasped and gulped, unable to articulate in her overwhelming presence. "Well it seems I do if I am to have any privacy from a cheeky, disobedient young man like you." She crossed to the dressing table and sat on the stool with her back to me. "You were told not to come into my room and promised you wouldn't, and now I find you've not only been snooping in here, but you've been taking things also." She slipped the ring onto her finger and held her hand up to admire it. "Your mother and I agreed you were in need of a good spanking just last night, and now you've proved it. Take off your clothes."

"No, no Auntie," I gasped, terrified, "You can't."

"Can't I?" she turned threateningly. "Are you going to get

stripped or do I have to take them off for you?"

Frantically I unbuttoned my shirt while she turned back to her mirror and picked up her hairbrush. I hesitated when I was down to my underpants and glanced up to see her smiling at me through the mirror.

"Everything," she snapped, becoming stern again and standing up. I quickly took them off, nearly failing over in the process, and stood before her, naked and trembling. "Right then. We shall begin your punishment," she said, unwrapping her housecoat and throwing it aside. I gasped and my embarrassment dissolved at the sight of this big, magnificent woman, full-breasted and muscular, clad in a short, purple satin night-dress that left most of her shoulders, anus and upper back bare. I could see the nipples of her full breasts pushing at the cloth. Her nylons must have been elasticised because there was no sign of a garter belt, but I reasoned that her massive thighs would keep them up. Gripping me tightly by the arm she sat down on the bed and pulled me across her ample lap. I wriggled frantically as she tried to position my upturned backside for her ministrations.

"So you're a wriggler are you? I know how to deal with wrigglers." Auntie raised her left leg over me and brought it down on my upper back, pinning me firmly to the bed with my buttocks high in the air over her right thigh.

"You know you have been a naughty boy?" she questioned. "Yes Auntie," I gasped, pressed into the bedding.

"Well, you're being spanked for it, and I will not stop until I am sure that you are truly sorry. You will beg that you are truly sorry, but only when I am convinced that you are indeed truly sorry will I stop. Do you understand?" I gasped that I did understand and that I was truly sorry. Pushing my head down at the back of my neck she began spanking me. I jumped from the start. Then with each spank delivered with her large palm on my naked buttocks, I waited and struggled across her knee, even twisting at one point to try to grasp the muscular arm that was pressing my head into the bed covers. She brushed me away with a laugh. "I could hold both of your hands in my one," she chuckled. Being gripped so tightly between her thighs I could feel the laughter in her stomach. Twisting my arms behind me she grasped both of my wrists with her left hand and began spanking me again, even harder than when she started.

The pain was getting worse with each spank, and I squirmed helplessly, begging her to stop. The fire in my



buttocks was blazing now and I burst into tears, my face still pressed into the bedding.

She paused, putting her hand between my legs and adjusting my position across her lap. She patted and stroked my glowing backside. "I'm going to use my hairbrush on you now to finish you off."

"You're cruel Auntie." I wailed through my tears.

She chuckled again. "We have to be cruel to be kind," she said, breathing heavily from her exertions. "You still have some naughtiness to be beaten out of you yet. You'll

thank me for it later, you'll see." Our body smells and sweat intermingled with the smell of her perfume and the fire in my loins mixed with sensations I had never known before. After what seemed an age of fearful anticipation when I knew she had picked up the hairbrush, I felt a sudden movement and jumped again as it came down on my up-turned buttocks. Spanks two, three and four followed quickly and the intensity of pain grew quickly also. The hairbrush was harder even than her large hand, which had inflicted such torment on my exposed backside. Now being overlaid on my already reddened rump, her cruel hairbrush soon had me wriggling and writhing, as the pain became unbearable. She pounded my rump with awesome strength as I leapt and writhed, trapped helplessly between her powerful thighs. We were both slippery, with sweat now, so she had to grip me tightly to keep me in place. The fire in my buttocks

spread to become delicious warmth, which encompassed the entire middle of my body and radiated out so that my whole being felt suffused by this combination of agony and ecstasy. My penis, moving on, and bouncing on her stocking thigh, was bursting with sensations I had never known before.

Auntie was still spanking me, and with that cruel hairbrush too, but it was the pleasure that became unbearable now. I squirmed across her knee as a great wave of ecstasy burst over me flooding my whole body with the most gorgeous sensations, bucking and wailing and writhing! She was still gripping me tightly, but she stopped spanking me as my ecstasy gradually subsided and my body stopped shuddering and shaking.

After a brief pause, I felt her muscles relax and the thigh, which was pinning me down, eased and lifted from the back of my neck. I gasped as her hand came between my legs again so that my penis, still pulsing and twitching from the orgasm, rested in the palm of her hand.

She chuckled, "Well, do you think you've learned your lesson yet?"

"Oh yes Auntie, I certainly have!"

"Good." She seemed obviously pleased. She lifted me off her knee and with one movement of her body, tossed me onto the bed behind her. I sprawled on the eiderdown in surprise as she stood up smoothing down her rumpled nightie.

She then put her hands on her hips and smiled down at

me, still glowing from her exertions. Her bosom gradually stopped heaving as her breathing returned to normal.

"I will tell your mother I have punished you and that you have learned your lesson and that you will only be polite and respectful to all females in future. Do you agree?"

"Yes Auntie," I stammered.

"And honest. And Obedient?" a touch of menace returning to her voice.

I gazed up at this magnificent woman with her strong, powerful body and knew I would be her slave forever. She had taken me to heights and extremes of pain and pleasure, which I never knew, existed.

"Yes Auntie," I gasped again, "I will do anything for you."

"Good. We will see how long this new agreeability of yours lasts." She turned on her heel, crossed to the door, unlocked it and went out. I heard her go into my bedroom, switch on the light and return. I was fascinated by the movement of her body, her breasts, her roundness, the rippling of her muscles and the movement of her ample hips and thighs which had gripped me so tightly. She reached out and pulled me by an arm and a leg to the edge of the bed. Stooping, she put one arm under my chest and the other between my legs and under my body. With a slight grunt she lifted me clear of the bed and carried me out of the door. I felt a wave of panic in case someone else in the house should see us, and struggled

helplessly in her clasp. She just chuckled again and carried me into my room and tossed me onto the bed.

"You stay there now," she smiled as she pulled the cover over me. "You are not to come downstairs, do you understand?" I nodded, still fascinated by her gorgeous body and her rippling muscles. She bent over and kissed me on the forehead. "Sweet dreams," she whispered.

My mother was delighted at the improvement in my behaviour over the ensuing weeks. I was polite and obedient and, of course, could not do enough for Auntie Joy. I was devastated when it was announced that she had successfully applied for a new job in London and would be leaving us. On that final day I carried her bags to the taxi and stood forlornly as she said her goodbyes. She beckoned me over. "Why so sad young man?" she asked.

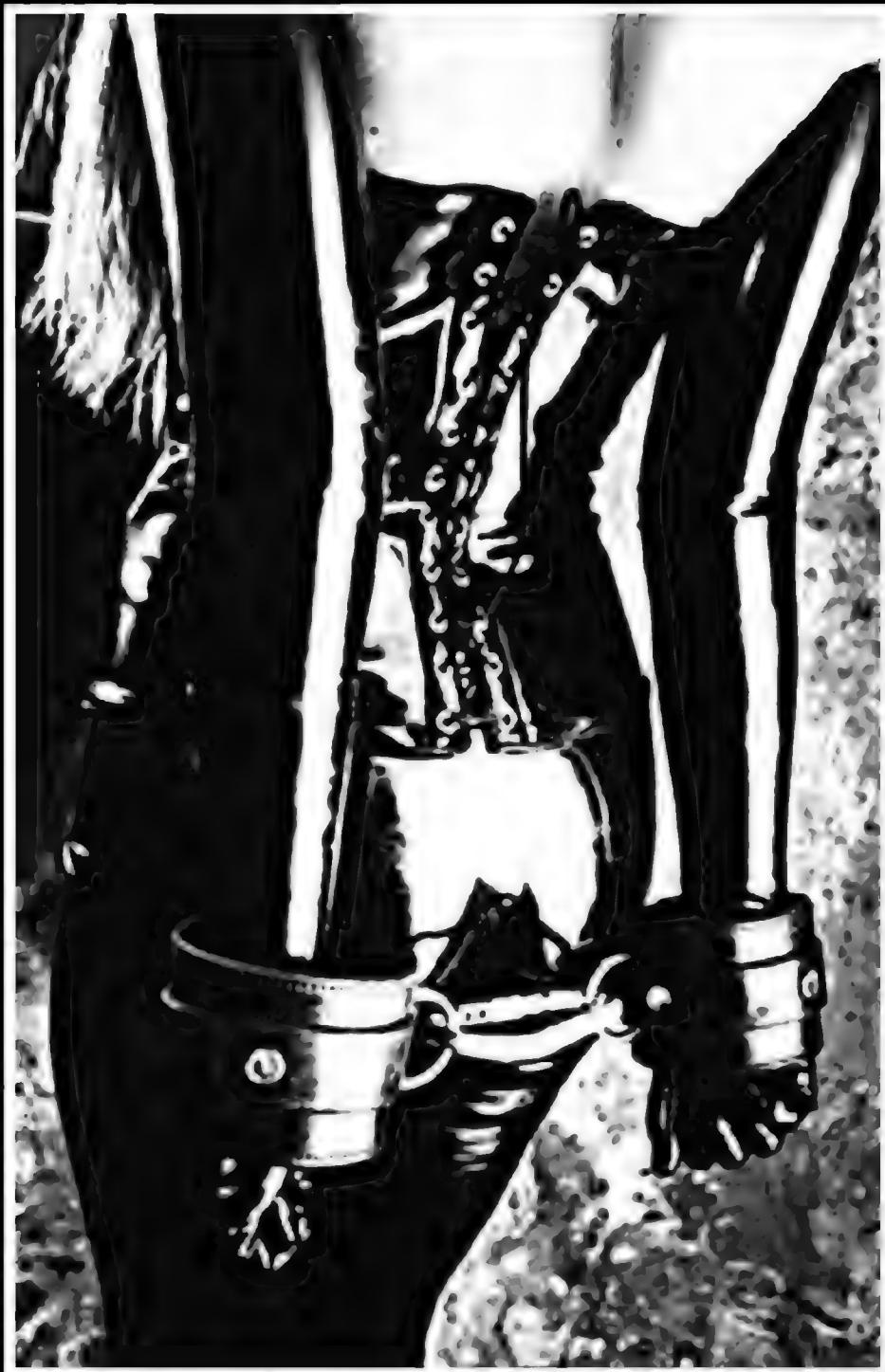
"I might never see you again." I cried desperately.

"That," she smiled, ruffling my hair, "is in the lap of Venus. If the Goddess is amenable then perhaps we will." She pulled my head forward and kissed me on the lips.

It was to be many years before we did meet again, and in totally different circumstances. But that, as they say, is another story.



# James McEntee



<http://www.janemcentee.com>

# James McEntee



<http://www.jamesmcatee.com>



# I wear rubber knickers!

There are many avenues along which I have travelled in the world of rubber. I have read in "Secret" of those who are divinely attracted to the deep sensations caused by the wearing of rubber pants, and of how some are more turned on by them than by the rubberised mackintosh. I can well understand their feelings, and although I have a natural kinship to all aspects of the rubber scene, I will often find my sexual needs gratified solely by the use of panties.

But the panties must always be in rubber; no other kind of material will do. And usually it is those which are more of the feminine kind, with frilly rubber lacy bottoms that cosily sit around the upper calves and rub together with soft swishing sounds as you walk. And to feel the soft initial cool touch of the rubber as it courses along a heavy pair of testicles and a penis that is slowly but surely swelling up with love. It doesn't take me long to become aroused, and as I wear rubber pants nearly all of my days and nights, you can understand how I have learned, over the years, to keep myself in a state of almost constant arousal.



It is often very delightful, as many of you will know and thoroughly appreciate, to maintain under one's ordinary trousers an erection rising fiercely inside a pair of slithery rubber panties, or knickers if you prefer. I don't mind either word, but panties is much more feminine don't you think? To have hardness forcing up against one's belly as you walk along the outside world, not really aware of your condition. If the coat you are wearing is covering well, is a joy that is almost as sublime as the moment when, in solitary, you can then manipulate yourself by hand or other means of friction to the brink of climax.

A girl has a climax, a man a hearty and spurting come, with, if he is aroused by rubber, a jetting forth of a quantity of hot sperm which then slithers down wetly inside the enclosing knickers where it can swish and smear around his genitals. And to walk along when one has already climaxed (or come) and feel the moistness there inside your protection, i.e. under the rubber knickers, is as satisfying and is as enjoyable as many other rubber sensations.

If, like me, you are in love with rubber to such an extent where it is a normal part of your life, then to be in this state is not distasteful. Often when one has come there is the need or the frantic desire to strip off and discard the offending rubber concealment. But if you have been trained, as I have over the years, and if you really enjoy your rubber elation's, then you should be capable of enjoying the sensations of the after-climax knowing you may soon revive and be hard once more. At least to me it is so, as it is to many of my friends, either in the past or those I know now.

One recent issue of Secret contained a frantic plea from a correspondent for more details of rubber knickering and





the sensations caused by climaxing into them. I know that particular correspondent would wish to hear about a woman's feelings, for he knows how well a man's enjoyment is obtained by the touch of rubber knickers. So may I here and now give you a brief sketch of an incident related to me by a former girlfriend who was not loath to describe any of her activities in the world of rubber.

The girl in question was fully into rubber. She was my cousin, and it was she who not only was the first girl to masturbate me in rubber, but whose antics and delights were often expressed to me by her purely as a means to make me feel embarrassed! I know that I was at the time, just as equally I was very shy. But now when I think back, I often wished I had been willing to assist her in the art of making love to rubber. Jo always wore rubber knickers, mainly in the early years to protect her other clothes as she had a spell when her bladder was inclined to leak. Not uncommon, as many boys and girls will know and



many of the older generation too when nature determines that you cannot always get to a toilet on time. I have suffered so myself and that is why I had been put into rubber knickers in the very beginning. I was truly thankful that I had, for without that initiation I doubt if my rubber loving would have achieved the limits it now reaches. And although today I do not wear them to prevent an accident,

I often increase my sexual arousal and enjoyment by deliberately urinating when I have them on.

I remember that Jo used to ask me if her knickers were leaking and sometimes asked me to look under her skirt to make sure that they weren't. I took a quick, furtive look, for I was young and inexperienced then, and always assured her they were not. She was sometimes disappointed, sometimes not. And there were those times when she deliberately, in front of me, began to toy with her clit and massage the slippery and noisy swish of rubber until she was panting in excitement, eyes wide, mouth parted. At first I didn't truly appreciate her feelings, and it was only later when she got me to massage my hand inside the leg band and enter my fingers squelchingly into her that I truly knew what extra moisture could be induced to spurt forth.

Thinking back, I am sure that in the days when we used to go to the pictures together, and that particular time when she wore her lovely mackintosh and wanked me off up its rubberised sleeve, she had utilised the moment to bring herself to a peak and beyond. She had the habit, I recall, of crossing her legs and slowly moving one over the other, manipulating the rubber of the knickers into her most intimate part, dampened by the sweating caused by several hours of wearing them. A soft slippery squelch could be heard, though I had often imagined it was just the rustle of her mackintosh, which, as I almost constantly caressed it, made noises enough to drown most others. Jo never had, to my knowledge at least, a pair of knickers with any clitoris stimulator, for I don't think such wonderful contraptions were around in those days. If they had been Jo would have exploded more expressively than she had! Her rubber knickers were always in pale pink or in a soft creamy caramel I recall and never in black. It is only now, when I am alone and sometimes think back on those early days, that I find my own pink and cream rubber panties remind me of her. I wish that I had then had the courage to do what I have often done since with other women - go down with my face and lips and enter that private and personal domain with my tongue amidst the soft smothering taste and smell of warm rubber and spilt juices. The sensations caused by such a demonstration of affection makes me aroused with such a thought, and as I write these words I feel the throbbing of my rampant penis pressing hard against the elasticised waistband against my stomach, and finding it stretching itself to a new limit of length and swollen intensity beneath the supple slither of fresh pink rubber panties. Yet I feel very feminine even now, for I have false breasts poking out beneath the concealing covering of the long red satin maxi cape spread around me and my chair. My naked arms peeking out through the arm slits, the hands to the wrists covered by translucent J urex gloves through which I can see the glow of my freshly painted red fingernails. It is Friday night, and I am a rubberised woman again.

All items shown in the pictures of this article are available from the store Minuit  
60 Galerie du Centre  
1000 Brussels, Belgium  
Te: 32.(0)2.223.09.14

# www.fetisheyes.com



Fancy something different ... ?

Do you ever get weary of the high-tech cyberfetish dreamworld ? Have you seen too many photographs of those chrome and latex superchicks strutting around in dark satanic warehouses ? Draped over latent industrial machinery and freezing your spirit with looks that could kill ?

Need a change ? Try [www.fetisheyes.com](http://www.fetisheyes.com).

This is one new website where they're getting back to basics, remembering the simple 'kinks' where - for many of us - the wonderful journey through "fetish" began. Those simple sights and sounds that first sent a shiver up our adolescent spines and never went away. Those innocent, sensual, warm sexy memories that remained with us in adulthood and will stay with us for life ...

Perhaps, for you, it was shapely young divers squeezing their curves into tight rubber wetsuits ? Who remembers "Sea Hunt" and Hans and Lotte Hass ? Or those girls at the beach in their old-fashioned swimcaps who tucked up their hair in that feminine way ?

Maybe the girl in the wet plastic raincoat who sat next to you that day on the bus ? The girl in your class in her squeaky white sneakers or the one who rode past in the jodhpurs and spurs ? No ? Was it your schoolfriend's lovely blonde sister when she snapped on those pink rubber housegloves ? Drying the dishes was never a chore ...

The FetishEyes team share our secret memories and lovingly recreate them in bright new digital form. Founded by experienced fetish photographers Alikat and Keital in partnership with talented designer Hamish Hutchison, the website seems to have touched a nerve and is going from strength to strength. Other famous artists - like Atreus, who gave the world Sarah Foster Tate - are now contributing galleries and some of the world's leading fetish models - like Californian beauty Stacy Burke - are lining up to pose. After only one year online the site offers over 100 varied galleries, with more being added every month.

So, whatever it was that first "fired up" your fetish -from raincoats to riding boots, sneakers to snorkels, girdles to gasmasks or wetsuits to wellies, the FetishEyes boys and girls may well have something for you ...

Go take a look !



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# Piercing fantasy

by Maxi Peach

"Lie on your back."

He stretches my arms out and pushes my feet apart.

"Stay absolutely still."

He positions a light.

"I want to see every wet fold of your cunt"

My delicate, freshly shaved skin is throbbing as he looks closely at me. I can feel his breath cooling me.

"I'm going to hold you open with these."

He reaches over and I hear a light chain. He shows me two metal clamps with studs at the ends, adjustable and on separate chains.

"The studs will hold them tightly on your cunt lips and the chains will fasten to these hooks on each side of the bed, like this."

He pinches my right lip and stretches it up, I can feel the cold metal resting on the inside and outside of my lip, then slowly pressure builds up as he tightens the clamp, I stiffen and tense my whole body, then he attaches the left one and examines me for a moment. The pressure on my lips is easing as I relax and adjust to the pain. Then he takes hold of both clamps and tightens them more. After a moment of sharp pain the pleasure swells through me. He takes hold of a chain in each hand and very slowly separates my lips. With each movement I feel my wet sticky skin peeling apart, then being stretched out so that the air tickles right in my bare cunt.

He attaches the chains to the hooks on both sides of the bed.

"That should hold you still. You know what I can see? All of your dark, wet rippled cunt. Your clit is so hard it's hood is right back, it's shiny and vulnerable and likes to be pricked with a needle."

He opens a packet of needles, taking his time, leaving my mind racing. I force myself to totally physically relax, I realise I was rigid with anticipation. I imagine what he's going to do to me, I see it in my mind, mustn't react to the pain, just feel it, direct it. He starts gently scratching the moist, flaccid inside skin of my lips. The needle drags the surface, he holds it still for a moment and a sharp sensation intensifies. In my mind I can see the skin dented by the sharp point, as it's pulled away the skin sticks for a moment then releases with a sharp sting. He drags the needle

towards my clit and pricks around it, he pushes the hood back further with the blunt end, I can feel the cold metal folding over my skin.

"I'm going to find out where the most nerve endings are on that smooth, shiny surface. You've never been so exposed, just imagine your smooth wet clit being pricked just hard enough to break the skin on the most sensitive spot I find, preparing for your piercing."

The needle scratches my clit, I flinch at some of the scratches, so he goes over and over those spots until my whole clit is stinging. I'm so absorbed in the sensations, they start to intensify and I nearly come, he notices this and stops, leaving me for a moment.

"That was too good wasn't it? More intense pain should divert your attention. I'm going to carry on now, but this time when I find the right spot I'm going to push and twist the needle so that it just pierces your skin enough to stay in, this will be used to control your pleasure." Some of the pricks are so sharp that I tense my whole body and have to consciously relax all my muscles and force myself not to react to the pain. After a while I manage to lie absolutely still, absorb the stings and concentrate on the sensations. He can tell I'm enjoying it now. He scratches and pricks a spot, then the needle is still, my whole cunt feels like it's burning as he twists and pushes. In my mind I'm refusing to react, but I can't help flinching slightly and gripping the sides of the bed as the point of the needle breaks my skin. I slowly start to relax as he takes his hand away. My clit is throbbing along with every sticky fold of my exposed cunt, then he leaves me for a moment.

"Once it's in like that it's such a wonderful tool. You won't feel it much after a while, but when I think you're enjoying yourself too much I'll do this." He pushes, twists and flicks the needle, which sends me through the same sharp, intense pain again. I can feel my juices tickling down to my anus.

"Your clit will be so ready to be pierced, now I'm going to prepare your nipples. They need to be very hard. I have some icy cold tools to harden them up quickly." I can hear the clink of ice as he picks out a metal rod with a round end. He lets one drop of icy water land on each nipple, then holds the two icy tips of metal on the hard



centre of both. I feel the skin around my nipples pucker up and burn with the sudden cold.

"Good, the higher up they stand the better, so when your tits are whipped the strands will flick the tips of your nipples easily."

He shows me the whip, it has several thin leather strands, some flat some rounded, about half a metre long. Without warning he cracks the whip around the inside of my left thigh. I jolt slightly as the tips of the strands crack onto the skin of my inner thigh. My movement jolts the chains of the clamps, forcing me to be still.

"Imagine that sting on your nipples, with this kind of whip some strikes will sting right on the tips, so put your hands in these."

He ties my wrists to the hooks on the side of the bed. He blindfolds me.

"I don't want you knowing when or where I'm going to strike, I'm sure your bare, open cunt would like a licking."

He leaves me with that thought for a while, blind and motionless. Then I feel a sudden burning as a drop of icy water runs off my clit, then off each nipple. As my nipples are drawn up with the cold the strands of the whip smack flat against my left breast with a dull slap, but the tips flick my right nipple right on its erect centre, the sudden pain makes me strain against my wrist ties, then as I feel my nipples drawing up further, I relax, and the after glow of the sting makes my cunt throb again. Before I've finished dwelling on that slashing of leather strands I feel it again on my left nipple, this time I remain relaxed and still against the cutting leather.

The next strike flicked the strands against the inside of my thighs, the inside of my separated lips and sliced right into my exposed cunt, stinging my clit. I instinctively start to bend my knees up and close my legs, as my reflexes react to the overwhelming pain, but every slight movement stretches my stinging lips further apart, so I have no choice other than to let my legs slowly sink back onto the bed, as I relax the sensation becomes a deep, hard throb.

"I'm going to remove your blindfold and wrist ties and restrain you in a much more effective way, by your nipples. See these chains hanging here? Your nipples will be clamped to them, for the piercings."

He shows me the clamps, they are metal with blunt but serrated edges and are designed to pinch right over the tip of the nipple, they are adjustable and attached to separate chains.

He unties my wrists and tells me to keep my arms stretched out. He circles my left nipple with the ice cold rod to harden it up again, then I feel the cold metal of the clamps resting over its tip. I watch as he tightens the clamp and soon I feel some pressure building into a pinching pain. When he stops the pain deadens to a dull throb. He attaches the right one and leaves me so my nipples adjust to the sensation. As the pleasure creeps in he twists the screws another full turn, the clamps bite harder denting my nipples. I tense up, but resist the urge to move my arms.

"They need to be tight, I don't want them to pull off."

He reaches up for a hanging chain and stretches one nipple up until both chains hook together. When they're both hooked up he adjusts them to a height where my nipples are stretched enough for piercing.

"I'll find the spot for piercing like I did with your clit, by scratching and pricking, when I find it, the needle will break your skin and stay in until your piercing."

The nerves in my nipples, already stimulated by the clamps, scream at the needle as it scratches and drags my skin. I can't flinch without stretching my nipples further,

so I relax and visualise the needle finding its spot and twisting and pushing in until it stays there. I look down at my breast and see the needle sticking out of the top side of my hard nipple. Then I watch as he places the other one, he puts a finger on the underneath of my nipple, to push against the needle as he twists it. Suddenly the skin gives and the point disappears, I keep looking, my teeth clenched as he stands away from me and looks at me.

"Now you should be ready for your piercings, but I feel like playing with you first, you've enjoyed this far too much. I'm going to tighten and stretch you harder and further."

He tightens the clamps on my lips and stretches them further apart, then flicks the needle in my clit and twists it further into my skin. He tightens the nipple clamps and stretches my nipples up higher, then flicks and twists the needles deeper into the sides of my hard points. He gives me a moment to adjust to the new intensity of pain, by now I'm relaxed and absorbed in the sensations.

"You're ready for your piercings now. Your nipples will be done first. Take a look at the needle and the rings that will go through each nipple. I will remove the needle from the nipple and pierce you on that spot, then pass the ring through the hole, the clamps will stay on until all piercings are done. You need to be restrained for this."

He ties my wrists and feet to the hooks on the side of the bed. I close my eyes as I feel the sharp sting of the needle leaving my left nipple, then a much sharper, growing sting as the piercing needle makes way for the ring. He gives me no time to recover and immediately I feel it all over again, until both nipples are raging. Then before I'd even started breathing again my clit stings, I feel his fingers squeezing its root. My legs are rigid as I force myself to be still and quiet. While my nipples are still puckering up round their rings, not adjusted to them yet, the skin on the left side of my clit breaks as the needle passes through, followed by the ring which he pinches shut. I open my eyes and see him stepping back, then I close my eyes again and feel the sensation of my pierced body, I'm close to coming as I dwell on the vision in my mind of the spots where the rings enter the most sensitive parts of me. He notices my concentration.

"Removing the clamps can be as intense as the piercings, but I'll untie you to see if you can remain still, and resist the urge to touch yourself."

I only shift my position slightly as he unties me.

"I'll remove your cunt clamps first, and while you adjust to that I'll free your nipples, then some gentle playing with your rings should bring you your reward."

I stay absolutely still as I feel an intense ache in both my lips as he unscrews the clamps, he pulls them off my sticky, wet skin, and I feel the folds slowly wrapping over my stinging clit. Moving straight to my nipples he starts to unscrew the clamps, I know they're going to pull out of them suddenly, the movement causing my rings to come alive again. The ache is so sharp as each nipple rips away from the hard metal, then slowly the deep grooves in my nipples fade and the rings settle. I'm burning and throbbing as he gently tugs at my clit and nipple rings, the sensations intensify, my muscles tense, I feel my cunt swelling so it's tight, ready to burst, my hips jerk up off the bed as if jolted by a bolt of electricity, and I come so hard.

Any feedback on this text contact: gs.hubdub@virgin.net





# Franco Saudelli

interview & photo by Ricardo Vezzosi



The first time I met Franco was in Florence at the Clittering Images offices. There he was working on the first issue of "Bizzareies" along with Baldazini. We understood each other immediately as our favorite magazine is Barefoot Bondage and that was it. He loves bondage and feet and so do I. From then on it often happens that we get together to prepare a photographic setting either for me or for one of his drawings or projects. It was during one of these sessions that I interviewed Franco exclusively for SECRET Magazine.

What would you say is the difference between a pencil and a camera?

Franco: The camera is an item today between the photographer and the model. It has an immediate and direct relation. The artist, here the photographer and his creation, the picture. What we can see first of all in a picture is the result of this relation. I find that the creativity on its own is limited. One can shoot a great picture, intense, strong... however it will always be the result of two minds and one real dimension. The pencil however is far more dangerous and has a lot more creativity.

Why dangerous and for who? - Laughter

Franco: First of all for me! Ha, ha, ha! No, seriously... there's nothing in between me and my creation. When you have the pencil in your hand you have the entire universe in the tip of your fingers and you make up the rules. If you want to, you can shift these rules once you are tired with them and invent new ones! It's Total Anarchy! The result of all this is an artwork that is real, deep and very personal. It's a link that brings you in contact with who looks in a powerful way. Sometimes it happens that when I look at one of my drawings... it seems to be moving! It's alive... and I'm happy because I've created it.

What would God say of all this?

Franco: He would be very upset. But God is usually upset and

that's why he's a huge guy to take funds. He gives you satisfaction.

What fun working on "Bizzareies"?

Oh yes! Me and the models are having lots of fun. Especially in slipping my money out of my wallet! Baldazini and I are trying to add personality to the girls who are working with us. Some like Cesella Sherman and Elena Parisi are really starting to feel motivated. We're trying to create something in flesh and blood and it's working out fine up to now.

You first take pictures and then you make the drawings. What is it in a drawing that gives you more than a picture?

Franco: It gives me a bigger libidinal happiness. In order to go into every detail, point by point. The fact of creating her in an intermediate dimension gives what you can no longer see in the picture. It's the third dimension.

A third dimension is another dimension?

Franco: Exactly. But don't you do the same when you take pictures?

Yes but I don't think about it. It just happens.

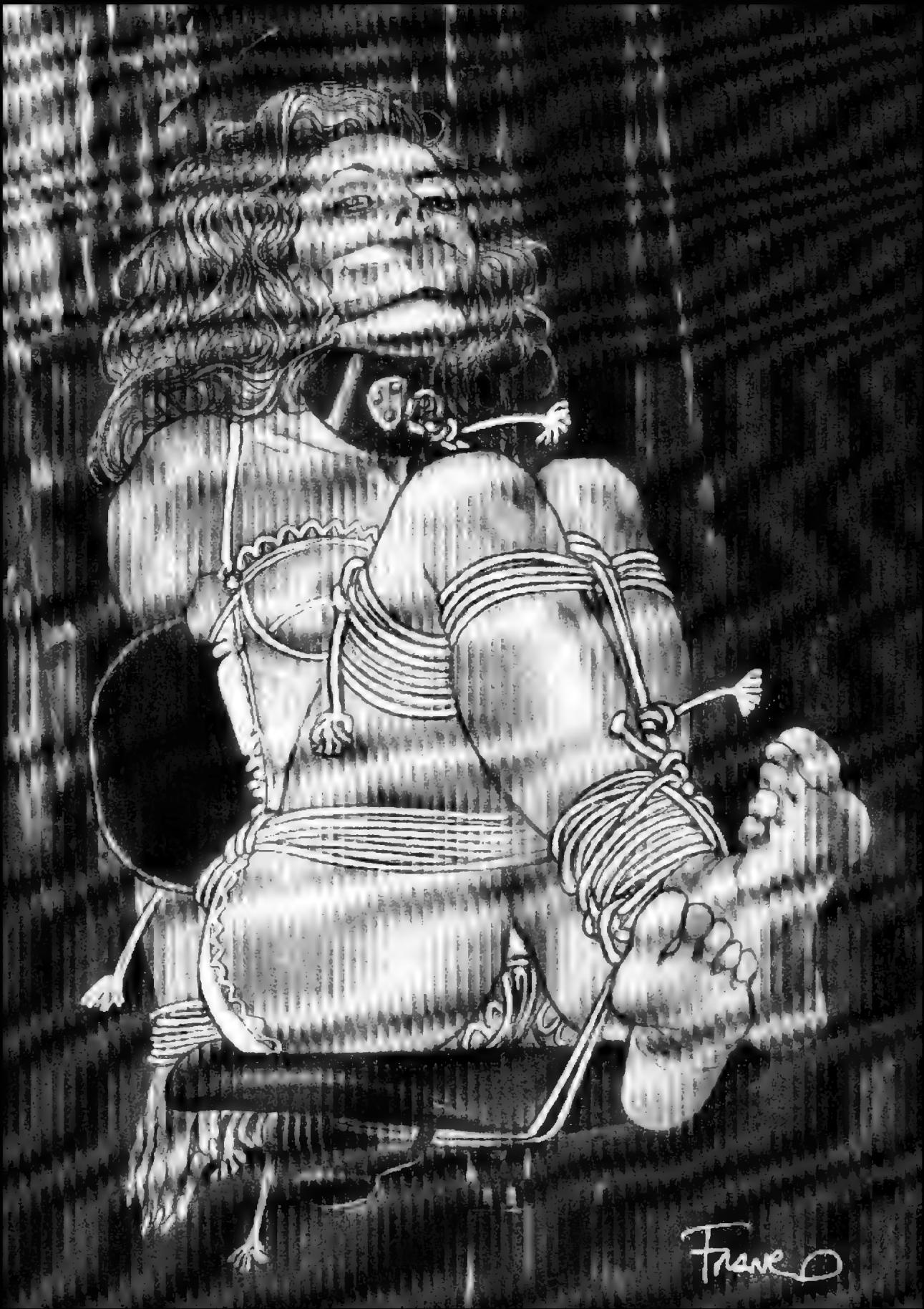
Franco: When you take a picture it will be searching its own dimension. It will project reality into imagery...

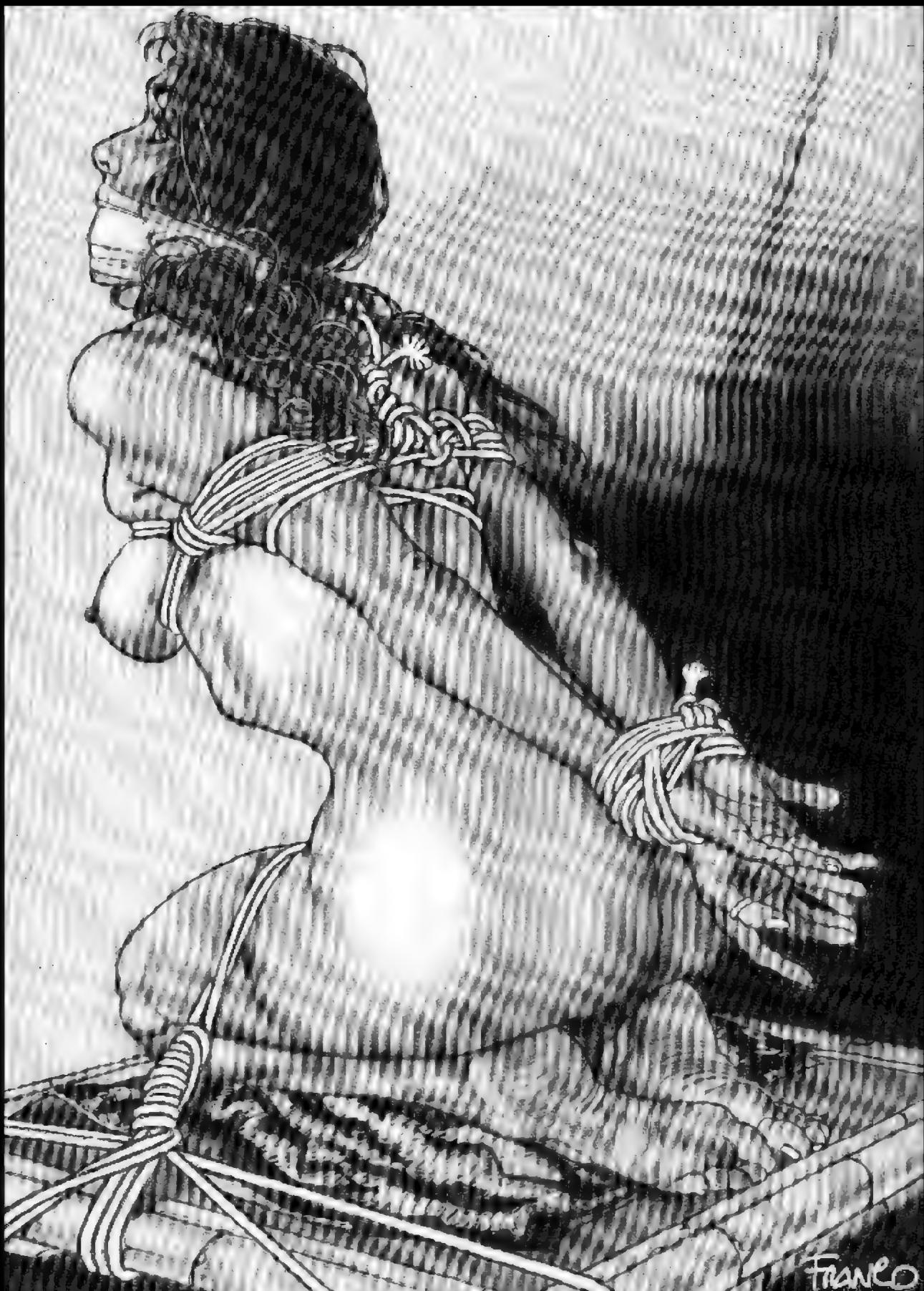
Would you like to mention anybody else in this interview?

Yes, my dear friend Giuliano Compagno and his sweet girlfriend, Oga. Also, my friend Lillo with whom I have created a great character "Mister Mastermind" that is being released in France and Germany (publisher SEED) and of course you, Ricardo! We're a great team no?

Ha, ha, ha! Yes but I think we better urinate Cesella and Elena because they are moaning very heavily!!!

Franco: Forget all about them!





# The Marquis von Bayros Gentleman Pornographer

By  
M. Orlando & Paul Varesco



'Only the malicious and the frustrated, who vegetate at the edge of real life, will be afraid of a word or a daring drawing...I am a prophet of beauty.'

-Von Bayros

Consider the chamber before you, curious ladies and roguish gentlemen. It is the most delightful of boudoirs appointed with every luxury. An enormous bed, extravagantly dressed in mountains of white linen, is littered with a choice array of amatory toys, all of suggestive shapes and dimensions. Gilt-encrusted mirrors are carefully arranged about the scene, ready to catch every shudder of each white-powdered limb. There is a glint in your eye for the bed is not unoccupied. In its downy vortex, a stylish lady has transformed the scene into the lewdest of theatres for your solitary enjoyment. Her voluptuous breasts, unhindered by any garment, beckon as their slyly smiling owner offers yet another more rarefied treat from beneath her lifted chemise. Leaning forward, she proudly displays the full glory of her posterior anatomy, a tantalizing sight made manifold in the surrounding mirrors.

But what is this? It appears the bacchante has not taken to this silken stage alone. For at one edge of the bed, the lady's every movement is being mimicked by her pet monkey. Brandishing its own miniature looking glass, the rude simian flaunts similar, if diminutive, charms with comic accuracy. Similar tableaux, both endlessly arousing and amusing, have been enjoyed by the discerning viewer since their rendering in ink more than a century ago. These unforgettable visions are the creation of the Marquis Franz von Bayros, a master draughtsman-eroticist who combined wit and sensual abandon in every image caressed by his incomparable pen.

Von Bayros was born in Agram, Austria on 28 May 1866 under the astrological sign of Gemini. This would prove

ironic for a man whose dualistic existence would encompass twin roles of loving husband and ostracized pornographer. Descended from a titled lineage of high-ranking officers serving under the Hapsburgs, Von Bayros enjoyed a happy bourgeois childhood as the youngest sibling to two elder sisters and a brother. His father's career in railroading allowed the ten-year old Franz to travel and live in, among elsewhere, Turkish ruled Bosnia.

Already exhibiting a talent and interest in the visual arts for several years, a stay in this exotic locale dazzled the boy. Unfamiliar yet enticing tastes, sounds, and, most significantly, sights teased him at every turn-dusky-skinned gypsy women, adorned in gaudy outfits and tinkling baubles, sold their wares, and themselves, openly along the twisting alleys; while it seemed that every structure was awash in the vibrant colours and intricate designs characteristic of the Ottoman Empire. Entranced, young Franz attempted to translate these spicily provocative visions onto paper, all the while developing his own ornate style of illustration.

Very soon, serious training for Franz would have to be



considered. But it was at this time he encountered his first critic-in the form of his own father. Dismissing pen and ink as the bastard children of oil and canvas, he forced Franz



to compromise by studying the fine arts with a series of unadventurous traditionalists for the next few years. Frustrated by their mediocrity, he would transfer to an academy in Munich before finishing his studies at another in Vienna. Unleashed at last into society as an eligible bachelor, Franz successfully wooed the epitome of his feminine ideal-the elegant, cultured and extremely pretty daughter of 'Waltz King' Johann Strauss. But this hastily arranged union dissolved with its annulment less than a year later. And as a result, Franz's social position was seriously compromised as well.

Returning to Munich, Von Bayros began a lucrative career as a decorative bookplate designer. As a result, he was capable of regaining entrée into genteel society through the influential scholars and rare book collectors who were his best clients. One of them, a patron prince, once commented to the Marquis 'You not only draw Rococo, you think in Rococo.' This accurate assessment was true of Von Bayros who had become obsessed with the florid style associated with the French court of Louis XV. In little time, the finely etched denizens of his artistic universe featured women festooned with massive hoop skirts and titanic garlanded wigs dallying with peacock dandies in flamboyantly embroidered waistcoats and high-heeled buckled shoes. Although largely what would be considered respectable subject matter, the Marquis' sensibilities were taking a decidedly audacious turn towards a thorough exploration of the erotic. At first, these interests expressed themselves through special commissions for bookplate designs of a more uninhibited nature. And while the opulent settings for these renderings remained little changed from his earlier drawings, the lubricious activities of his current subjects were something quite revolutionary for the artist indeed.

Unfortunately in 1911, Von Bayros' most recent work found its way into the unappreciative hands of the Munich police.

A swift prosecution for pornography heralded an immediate departure for Vienna to avoid a criminal trial. Once settled there, Von Bayros struggled fruitlessly to remain solvent through illustration work in the mainstream. Even so, he courted and married his second wife, Dorothee Tlapa, the following year.

Returning to his former, if forbidden, pursuits, the Marquis began accepting commissions from publishers of attractively produced erotica. He would provide a fabulous assortment of gracefully libidinous graphics for such beguilingly titled volumes as **Fleurette's Purple Snails**, **Tales at the Dressing Table** and **The Small Foot of the Gracious Lady**. In addition, Von Bayros illustrated and wrote the equally piquant **La Grenouillère** and **La Bonbonnière** under the pseudonym of **Choisy le Conin**. This fertile period was marked by an advanced mastery of his craft and resultant financial stability. But nevertheless, the upper reaches of Viennese society shunned the Marquis. In describing this ostracism, Von Bayros noted:

They shout after me, "Pornographer! Eroticist! Atheist! Rescue us and our great-grandsons from this shameless man and his works!"... But Germany has not become "moral" since my departure-and something I can likewise observe: Austria has not become less moral since I have been working here.

In 1913, a second legal action for creating pornographic works was levelled against Von Bayros from Budapest. But the artist achieved a personal victory when he was acquitted of all charges.

A great admirer of **Dante**, the Marquis had always dreamt of illustrating the **Commedia**. He envisioned that this monumental project could be his masterpiece, while helping to restore a severely damaged social rank. Sixty watercolours would be required for the endeavour. Von





Bayros devoted a year and a half to completing them during which time he had to refuse other commissions, thus depleting his quickly dwindling means. And when the finished work was exhibited throughout Germany and Italy to critical acclaim, few of the pieces sold. This monetary, not to mention spirit-breaking, fiasco did little to alter the Marquis' tainted reputation in the best Viennese salons as had been hoped for.

Once more relying upon his talents in the erotic arena, Von Bayros undertook an overwhelming quantity of commissions in an attempt to replenish his coffers during the next few years. Besides numerous bookplate designs, he would devise magnificently realized folios of risqué illustrations for **Manon Lescaut** and **La Bohème**, stories by Aretino and Diderot, as well as those for such erotic classics as **The Decameron** and **The Memoirs of Fanny Hill**. Then on 2 April 1924, following an intense day at his drawing table, the Marquis suffered a cerebral haemorrhage and died, pen in hand.

In historical surveys of the erotic in art, Von Bayros is perennially relegated to a position of inferior importance beneath fellow illustrators Félicien Rops and Aubrey Beardsley. And it should be stated accurately that the careers of the latter two were of a much more comprehensive nature. But while Rops' diabolical grotesqueries were primarily concocted for cultural and political satire, Beardsley's ultimate distaste for his own icily erotic drawings is inherent in their pleasure-loathing conception. There is, although, one key element missing from their entire oeuvres that is found in abundance in only that of the Marquis-joy. Pure sensual abandon, undiluted by shame of any kind, is evident in almost every one of his delicate renderings. Here was a man who possessed the rare gift of conveying limitless ecstasy in a one-dimensional art form. His efforts are appreciated to

this day by the enlightened.

One can just imagine what Von Bayros' ideal of a heavenly realm would be if such eternal decisions could be made. Based on the artist's own luscious idylls, this might include a garden temple surrounded by towering columns, each decorated by a nude feminine figure lashed to the white marble pillars; in its centre sits a lust besotted Salomé, pressing the dead lips of a severed head to her bosom; all the while she is serenaded by a male geisha, strumming a lute with his own phallus; and circling the entire scene are no less than a dozen delicious maidens, barely attired in 18<sup>th</sup> century fancy dress, hands clasped as they exchange the sweetest of kisses. While overhead wing a troupe of randy cherubs, their airborne condition made unsteady by the alarming magnitude of their most intimate appendage. But in the end, it seems only proper that Franz von Bayros himself should have the final say regarding the philosophy of his own artistry, 'I dare to declare openly and will confirm until Doomsday that I have never served anything but beauty, that divine beauty which I worship in its smallest creation, that which is music in all its manifestations and above all in man.'

M. Orlando is the author of *The Architecture of Desire* (Blue Moon) and *The Sleeping Palace* (Blue Moon). Paul Varesco writes on erotica.



# Martin Reitzer











# Readers Letters

Dear J urgen,

Let me start by introducing myself , my name is Matt, I am 32 years old and I live in England.

I am a professional Tree Surgeon by trade, and own and run my own small but successful business here in the heart of beautiful countryside surroundings in the South Eastern region of our country. I have hopefully attached a small photo of myself at the bottom of this e-mail.

I have been involved with many aspects of the Fetish World and all of it's wonderful indulgences for most of my life now, and over the years I feel I have acquired and nurtured a special kind of connection with all things related to Fetish, Bizarre, Extreme etc. But more about me a little later.

The reason I am writing to you is to congratulate you on what seems to me to be an absolutely fantastic achievement with regards to your Secret magazine. I have always had a keen eye on many Fetish books and publications and in fact I have built up a fairly good sized collection of my own over the years. I have noticed your publications before my friend, but I have never bought one , until now. I am so glad I did. I didn't know what you were about or what you liked to represent or anything.

I am blown away by your magazine and even more excited at the fact you have placed a small black box saying that you are looking for fresh talent or that you might be looking to hook up with other people that may be interested in collaborating with you to help you with certain aspects of your future publications including the new Fetish Photo Anthology Vol 4 and Extreme Vol 2. With regards to publications, I have always chosen what I thought to be the best looking books and magazines from around the world, regardless whether or not the artists or photographers were famous or well known. To me that's not important, certainly not initially anyway.

Maybe I have always felt like this because I actually have a professional photographer Father based in London, who always taught me that names are not important when you look at something beautiful, what you are feeling inside and how you react to an image of beauty at that time is what really counts. Does that image stay with you ? , Do you feel good or sad ? , Do you love it or hate it? that kind of thing....

It's funny though, my Father is a true genius when it comes to photography and his work over the 35 years he has been a professional shows this, without even having to utter a word about what you are looking at. The photographs speak for themselves, in fact some of them make you feel like you have just read a complete novel or seen a whole movie on the subject. Truly amazing and

truly inspirational. I have some personal images and photographs that I have taken over the years that I would like to share with you. Your magazine has inspired me to get some of my work noticed. So far all of my work has been a personal visual and sensory journey for me, and only me . A photographic digital diary if you like of a very sophisticated , daring and unusual lifestyle that is truly special and intimate for me and without a doubt absolutely genuine and totally from the heart.

From what I have read and now understood about you and your magazine's purpose, I believe that I have some art to share with you , art that is possibly suitable for you and your readers. I have gained a wealth of knowledge and a very keen artistic eye from being around my Father and his work over the years. The many aspects of his photography has taken us all over the world and has led us to meet some amazing people and see some fantastic sights and sounds. But only in the last few years have I showed an interest in my own personal visuals through the photographic medium. Obviously I feel that I am not of my Father's caliber when it comes to being a photographer, but that's not the point. My work and vision has enabled me to truly express and release a side of me that up until now, has been a true secret and that only I have seen through my own eyes. At last , when the magic of the "Digital Era" was born, I have been able to see myself and my work as others might see me....



I feel though , that even if my art is not good enough to make it into any of your publications or that even if you don't like my work , I have still had a great result and that simply inspires me further. By that I mean that just sending you some examples of my work, knowing that a complete stranger is now looking at my inner and most secret world, is a real and raw feeling.

Honesty about oneself and the ability to truly express that is a real turn on for me. My name is Matt, this is me, look, wonder, judge, comment, feel. And even if you hate what you see, thank you for your time, your feelings, your emotions, etc. That kind of thing, you know J urgen, Real, Honest that's what is important to me.

There is so much more I would love to share with you right now J urgen, it's weird, since I sat down in front of this computer tonight and started to write you this letter, I feel that I have a connection with you. I have a wicked "Sixth Sense" and I really do feel a connection with what you are doing and I would love to play a part in your idea if at all possible. Even if you don't want my art, I have much knowledge, ideas, research, thoughts, feelings, I hope that I can at least aid you in some small way and feel a part of something special. I have looked at your magazine time

and time again and the more I do, the more I feel there might be a place for me within your world of wonder and delight...Wow ! what a great thing man ! You're a star, and I hope you know that...You have created something that really touches me.You should be very proud.

I don't know what else to say at the moment , this letter was meant to be an introduction and a connection with you. I am hoping that if you get this e-mail and like the sound of me and my crazy ideas you will hopefully e-mail me back and let me know where we can go from here and what I should do about sending you some examples of my work for you to have a look at if you would like. I hope you are not completely flooded with millions of letters like this one, I hope that I might stand a chance of getting your attention with my words and images, that's all that I wish for at this point, your comment and feedback would be the gold that I seek and if I were ever to see a dream realised through a photograph of mine being shown in one of your publications , then that would be truly Glorious. That would mean a real achievement to me you see.

On a final note, in case you were wondering what a guy with a professional photographer Father was doing going on about getting his stuff noticed. My Dad does not know anything about my personal, private lifestyle that I have or even about my photographic exploits. It all a secret! But that's where the essence of this lies for me.

Kind of cool I think, my Dad, a true pro not having a clue that his son secretly dabbles in the artistic world of photography himself... Hee Hee, that makes me chuckle to myself, knowing one day I shall probably tell him and show him my work, Hopefully he will be proud of me, who knows!

Thank you for taking time to read this my friend , I hope to hear from you sometime soon. All the best and again well done on a truly amazing magazine.

Your Secret friend and ally over here in the U.K.  
Matt

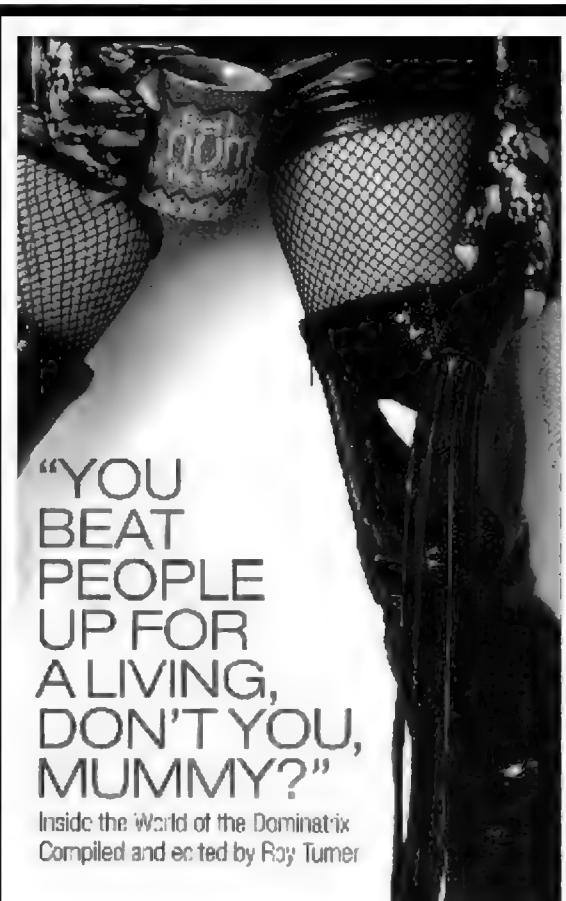
Secret reply  
Hello Matt!

Yes indeed, we are all unique... and hey man, I'm not a star... it's the others that make my magazine, it's my readers, from around this small globe that make it. I'm just a big antenna putting it all together. I read your "introduction" and smiled. You're not the first one that has this "computer connexion"...~ smile

I would LOVE to see what you have been up to, and even if I don't like what I'll see (which I doubt!) I already have the intention of publishing your letter, and probably this reply in the next issue. You're special... but you know that already, don't you? Let me have a look... a peek... a nibble... of your SECRET....

Jürgen

The result of our numerous emails may be seen in this issue, so if you are an amateur, a player and have pictures of yourself, your models (?! ) or your wife/husband, lover, slave... just send them to me and get published in SECRET...remember: this is your magazine above all!



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Sandra Jensen



**Black Factory - pictures by Sandra Jensen.** A discovery by Secret and now finally her book. Lives in Oslo, was a model herself before turning to photography, does the styling, hair and sometimes the make-up. Builds the sets and even designs and makes the clothing. This is her first book, over 100 pages, with dazzling B/W pictures mingled with poetry. A must. Order it now, as it will be a limited 1000 edition. Price: 35 euro/ 35Us\$ (\*)

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### Photographies



**Del Valle Photographies:** The world of Del Valle is filled with gorgeous girls who love to expose themselves and let themselves go, all of this in front of his lens. This 1000 limited, hardcover book will probably be sold out before it will hit the bookstores, so order your copy now, or regret it later. Available spring 2002 - Price: 35 euro/ 35Us\$ (\*)

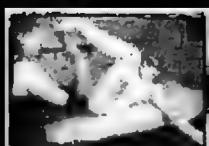
### Chaussures

Delay Stefan



**Chaussures - pictures by Delay Stefan:** author of our issue 17 cover, he has now shot our new shoe and boots catalogue. Announced as Stiletto, we changed the name into Femmes Fatales. For all lovers of excellent B/W pictures and high heel, this hardcover book/catalogue will be the pearl in your collection. All shoes are available in the Boutique Minuit store, or by mail and soon online. This is the best book I have ever made. Available spring 2001.

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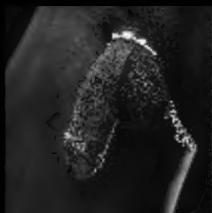
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బుటిక్ ను